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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<b>EVENTS OF THE WEEK</b> ...	401
<b>POLITICS AND AFFAIRS</b> :—	
What the Government Can Do ...	404
France, Russia, and Ourselves ...	405
A Hundred Years of Peace	406
The Useless Battleship	407
<b>A LONDON DIARY</b> . By A Wayfarer	409
<b>LIFE AND LETTERS</b> :—	
The Policy of "National Guilds"	410
"The First Critic of our Time"	411
Cut-and-Come-Again	413
<b>SHORT STUDIES</b> :—	
Studies of Extravagance. V.—The Artist. By John Galsworthy	414
<b>MUSIC</b> :—	
A Note on "Boris Godonov." By Ernest Newman	415
<b>PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS</b> :—	
The Crisis in Labor Statesmanship. By H.	417
<b>LETTERS TO THE EDITOR</b> :—	
How to Constitute a Second Chamber. By Edw. T. John, M.P., and John H. Humphreys	417
The Cost of Separation to Belfast. By R. J. Kelly	418
Is the Labor Party a Suffrage Party? By Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett	418
<b>POETRY</b> :—	
The Barber's First Brother. By Sylvia Lynd	421
<b>THE WORLD OF BOOKS</b> ...	
<b>REVIEWS</b> :—	
A New Voice	423
The Truth About Ulster	424
The Friend in Politics	425
Round About Erasmus	426
Spiritual Reformers	426
Modern Russian Fiction	428
<b>BOOKS IN BRIEF</b> :—	
A Great Adventure: Lady Hamilton and the Revolution in Naples	430
The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs	430
English Church Life from the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement	430
A Short History of Painting	430
<b>THE WEEK IN THE CITY</b> . By Lancelot	
	432

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE most striking event of the week has been Mr. Redmond's formal endorsement of the National Volunteer movement, which the Conservative Press, rapidly shifting its eye from Belfast to Dublin, now declares to be "dangerous" to the Empire. Mr. Redmond states that, up to two months ago, he felt the movement to be "premature," but Sir Edward Carson's threats, the situation at the Curragh, and the gun-running raid, had totally altered the situation. Since the Irish Party identified themselves with the movement, it had spread like wildfire. Mr. Redmond suggests that the provisional committee of twenty-five which governs the force should be strengthened by an equal number standing for the Parliamentary party. If this suggestion were accepted, the movement would have the Party's official support. This advice will, no doubt, be taken, for though there are elements in the organization separate from, or even unfriendly to, parliamentarism, they are neither predominant nor large. Thus Ireland, which is nominally forbidden the use of arms, is practically under arms. Lord Haldane declared on Saturday that "both forces were gross illegalities and utterly unconstitutional," but

the Government had decided, on the whole, to leave things to take their course.

On Monday, the Archbishop of York (with him the Bishop of Southwark) appealed in the "Times" for a settlement conceived in a spirit above party, contrasting the public anxiety for a settlement with the Parliamentary incapacity to bring it about. He blamed both sides—the Liberals for letting a dangerous situation "drift," and the Tories for thinking that the Irish question would settle itself if they merely encouraged the resistance of Ulster and discredited the Government. As to policy, he hinted that "some form" of exclusion for Ulster would have to be agreed on, but that this would leave the main Irish problem unsolved, and that a larger settlement might come by way of devolution. Politicians are loth to accept advice from other politicians (as the Bishops necessarily are), but this seems to us to state fairly enough the conditions of an approach of one party to the other. The trouble is that the blind and precipitate forces which are in control are so strong, and the restraining elements so weak and timid. Why do not the Churches combine and organize them?

On Thursday, Mr. Bonar Law made a clever but mischievous speech to a body of Scottish "Covenanters" (new style) at Inverness. He made an awkward slip, for after denying that his real object was to break the Parliament Act, he likened it to the Londonderry boom, and appealed to his followers to "break that boom." His main point was to paint the state of Irish lawlessness for which his own counsels are so largely responsible, and to divide the Cabinet into "drifters" and "gamblers"—men like the Prime Minister who waited on events, and, like Mr. Churchill, who had tried to "deluge Ulster with blood." The army had saved the country from "that atrocious crime"—a partisan description (and endorsement) of the mutiny of the Curragh. The fight being between the Government and the nation, the nation, thought Mr. Law, was bound to win.

SIR EDWARD GREY made an important statement on Thursday, in answer to Mr. King, who asked whether a naval agreement had recently been entered into between Russia and Great Britain, or whether such negotiations were pending. The Foreign Secretary's reply was as follows:—

"The hon. member asked a similar question last year with regard to military forces, and the hon. member for North Salford asked a similar question also on the same day. The Prime Minister then replied that, if war arose between European Powers, there were no unpublished agreements which would restrict or hamper the freedom of the Government or of Parliament to decide whether or not Great Britain should participate in a war. That answer remains as true to-day as it was a year ago. No negotiations have since been concluded with any Power that would make the statement less true; no such negotiations are in progress, and none are likely to be entered upon so far as I can judge; but, if any agreement were to be concluded that made it necessary to withdraw or modify the Prime Minister's statement of last year, which I have quoted, it ought, in my

opinion, to be, and I suppose that it would be, laid before Parliament."

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THE country, we think, will take this as a statement that no naval agreement has been concluded, or is being negotiated. This is our hope, but we confess that it may imply that there has been such an agreement, but that this does not qualify our freedom in the event of war. But surely, if any naval convention exists, it should, even though it falls short of this measure of obligation (*i.e.*, of an actual Russo-British naval alliance), be made known to Parliament. In any case, let the truth be now fully declared, so that no doubt can remain. Mr. King, we suggest, should ask two other questions—first, whether any convention exists, short of a binding alliance, and if so, whether its effect will be communicated to Parliament.

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THE French Ministerial crisis has resolved itself into a duel between the President and the Left of the Chamber. The resolve of the Left to reorganize the defences of the Republic in such a way as to prepare a return to Two Years' Service is the real issue, but it is rapidly developing into a constitutional struggle. M. Viviani, after many hesitations and delays, formed his Cabinet last Friday. Moderates like MM. Bourgeois and Delcassé had rejected his overtures, and his combination on the whole represented the Left. When it met on Saturday, however, it failed to agree on a declaration of policy. Two Radical members, M. Justin Godart and M. Ponsot, refused absolutely to adhere to a compromising formula in which the reduction of Three Years' Service was to be made dependent on the international situation. M. Godart insisted that this condition nullified the programme on which he and other Radicals had fought the election, and insisted that at least eighty of his party would refuse to support any compromising declaration of policy. The result was that M. Viviani renounced his task; his Cabinet had lived for a night. He explained that he could not govern with the Left and would not govern against it.

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THE President thereupon took a course which seems clearly unconstitutional. He turned to M. Ribot, a veteran Conservative, and the opponent of the whole Radical policy in the Church conflict, in taxation, in social reform, and on the army question, and charged him with the formation of an anti-Radical Cabinet, in spite of the successes of the Left in the elections. His Ministry includes M. Bourgeois at the Foreign Office, and M. Delcassé at the War Office, and must find its majority from the Centre and the Right. The Unified Radicals are resolved to vote against it, and if their discipline is rigid, its majority will be very small, or even non-existent, and will be dependent on the Nationalists and Royalists. The Radical press turns its indignation mainly against the President, and it seems clear that the conflict has only begun. M. Ribot was a creator of the Russian alliance, and it is significant that Russian pressure is said to have been applied against any change in the Three Years' Law, through M. Paléologue, the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, who threatened to resign if it were touched. If the Radicals hold together, it is hardly likely that a Conservative Ministry can live.

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THE controversy aroused by Sir Percy Scott's letter on submarines goes cheerfully on. As was to be expected, most of the "experts" and naval officers declare against the Admiral's aggressive statement. He said the submarine has rendered the battleship useless for either offensive or defensive purposes, and further public money

spent on Dreadnoughts would be all thrown away. Of those who speak with authority, Mr. Arnold White is almost alone in supporting these subversive theories to the full, but it must be remembered that he was one of the first public men to estimate the importance of the Dreadnought in revolutionizing naval construction. He reminds us of the service rendered by the torpedo in the first Japanese attack upon the Russian ships in Port Arthur—a service conveniently forgotten by the big-ship school. He notices the immense improvement in the torpedo, and the advantage of the submarine in nearer approach than the destroyer has. Two submarines have lately reached Australia in safety, in spite of bad weather, and as to efficiency, Mr. Arnold White tells us that in recent manoeuvres a submarine passed six times under the flagship unobserved, and on signalling the fact to the Admiral, received the reply, "You be damned." This, however, seems to be the naval equivalent for "You are my friend, and so I couldn't kill you."

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As we said, the prevailing opinion is opposed to Sir Percy Scott. Lord Sydenham speaks of "a fantastic dream," and points out that aeroplanes, which are to act as scouts for submarines, are useless at night or in fog, that the movement of submarines is still uncertain and dangerous, and torpedoes have hitherto been disappointing. At the same time, he thinks the construction of very big ships a mistake, as risking too heavy a loss. Others dwell on the low speed of the submarine—14 knots on surface (though 19 are promised) and a maximum of 10 knots, with a possible run of only 100 knots, when submerged. One writer encourages us to follow Sir Percy's lead cautiously, but looks forward to submarines as big as battleships—no great encouragement after all! In the "armament" press the upshot has been, not to reduce the clamor for more Dreadnoughts, but to increase the clamor for more submarines. At the present moment we have 69 submarines against Germany's 24, and 35 authorized against her 31; making a total programme of 104 against 55, at which disproportion the stoutest British heart must quail.

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THE problem of militancy is still before the country and incidentally before Parliament. The most sensational of the long series of outrages committed by the W.S.P.U. was committed on Thursday, during the debate on militancy, for which, of course, it was timed. This was the explosion of a small bomb near the famous Coronation Chair of our English Kings in Westminster Abbey. No great harm was done, and for our part, we think more of the moral injury revealed in the sad story of the girl militant, "Laura Grey," who committed suicide. In this regard Mrs. Pankhurst has a heavy account to pay. On Wednesday night a procession, commanded by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and watched by a friendly crowd, started from the East End and managed, in spite of the arrest of its leader, to come within the legal one mile limit of the precincts of the House of Commons. It then dispersed, and a small deputation was despatched to the House, its object, which was a deputation to the Prime Minister, being reduced to an interview between Mr. Lansbury and some friends and the chief Liberal Whip. Meanwhile, the question of fresh punitive measures has been discussed and practically decided in the negative in spite of the advice of the Council of the Women's Liberal Federation. This body—after passing a strong suffrage resolution, and only rejecting by a narrow majority a motion that Liberal women should confine their support to the suffragist candidates—urged the Government to take the responsibility of bring-

ing these disorders to an end. The possible changes of procedure have been two, the first to substitute "leave to die" for forcible feeding, and the second to replace criminal by civil action and to attach individual subscribers to the W.S.P.U.

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THIS latter course the Government have practically decided to adopt, and it was announced in the House on Thursday by Mr. McKenna in a very able and moderate speech, with which, with one or two reserves, we are in agreement. The Home Secretary examined with great skill the proposal to deport militants, to allow self-starvation, and to treat them as lunatics, and disposed of them all. As reasons for rejecting all these counsels of violence, Mr. McKenna insisted that the movement was really declining so far as the number of crimes was concerned, that these were now mainly committed by paid agents, and that extreme measures would merely give it fresh life. He had much more hope of the plan of attaching the rich subscribers to the W.S.P.U., who kept the game of criminality going, and this would be done as soon as adequate evidence had been collected. He thought the newspapers could assist this policy of suppression by refusing to report outrages. But this is impossible, for the duty of newspapers is to report facts, and these lawless acts do not lack significance. Nor are we sure that the Home Secretary is right when he says that the authors of these crimes are paid. We believe that in many cases it is not so.

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PARLIAMENTARY government in the Australian Commonwealth has been practically in abeyance since the momentous General Election of May, 1913, and the decision of Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson to grant a double dissolution of both Houses afforded the only clean solution. The last election had the paradoxical result of giving the Liberals a bare majority of one in the Lower House, while Labor controlled the Senate with an increased majority of 22. Labor hoped for a dissolution of the Lower House only. Mr. Cook has manœuvred to bring about a conflict of the two Houses, which would, in the terms of the Constitution, justify a double dissolution. He has chosen curious ground for the conflict—a Bill forbidding any preferential treatment of trade-union labor in Government contracts, and this Bill the Senate has twice rejected. On this issue one would suppose the Liberals are hardly likely to improve their position, nor have they used their power well in the field of administration which was open to them. But the larger issues of the last election remain for decision, in particular the Labor policy of fighting trusts by creating State monopolies.

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THE news from the Balkans is still a chronicle of the outbreak of racial hatreds. In Bulgaria, the attempt of the Greek colonies in Sofia and some provincial towns to celebrate King Constantine's name-day incensed the mobs, which invaded the Greek churches, and tore down the Greek flag. The police behaved ill. The real explanation of this temper among the Bulgarians is that they are continually reminded by the arrival of refugees from the newly annexed Greek territories that the surviving Bulgarian element there is harried and persecuted. Meanwhile evidence accumulates that the Young Turks are systematically persecuting the Greek element in Thrace and along the whole coast of Asia Minor. It is said that 90,000 homeless Greek refugees from Thrace have reached Salonica, and 2,000 from Asia Minor, who are only the first arrivals. We regret to note from an answer by Mr. Acland that the Foreign Office, meeting

with no support from other Powers, has given up its plan of making recognition of the Balkan annexations dependent on the concession of equal rights to subject races. The question of nationality in the Balkans is evidently going to be settled by the summary method of enforced emigration.

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THE general strike has been used this week in Italy as a means of protesting against the shooting down of workmen in a labor demonstration. This provocation was given at Ancona, a centre in which both Socialism and Anarchism are strong. A procession headed by Signor Malatesta threw stones at some Carabiniers, who replied with their revolvers and killed three men. No order to fire was given, and the Carabiniers have been arrested. These excuses came tardily, and meanwhile the Socialist Party and the trade unions called a general strike of twenty-four hours (or in some places forty-eight) throughout Italy. The response was general, if not quite universal, and extended even to rural districts, but the interruption of the train service was only partial. Riots following mass meetings occurred at Turin, Milan, Florence, Naples, and Rome. The crowds stoned the troops, who used their bayonets and caused several deaths. In the Chamber the Radicals and Republicans joined the Socialists in censuring Signor Salandra. The wave of enthusiasm for the Tripoli venture is spent, and an unpopular Ministry is facing a restless proletariat.

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THE Labor Party drew on Wednesday a considerable concession from the Government as to the wages of State workers. Not only is the case of the Post Office employees to be raised again, and the findings of the Holt Committee to be revised, but a standing body is to be appointed to treat questions of the wages and conditions of working members of State services in other departments. The suggestion as to the Post Office, which was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's, was that a small Expert Committee, in effect a kind of Wages Board, should be set up, consisting of a Chairman nominated by the Board of Trade, a member representing the Treasury and the Post Office, and two representatives of the employees. In adopting this plan, Mr. Hobhouse expressly promised to extend it, and to agree that there should be "some body outside the House which would stand between the State and its employees, and adjust their differences." This carries us another step to the fixing of wages by special State investigation, and on definite considerations of public policy.

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THE question whether there exists any general right of citizenship throughout the Empire has been forced to an issue by the venture of the Indian immigrants at Vancouver. The shipful of Indians who have sailed to Canada to test their status as British subjects, are still lying isolated in the harbor. On board the whole human cargo has solemnly entered on a hunger strike, under the leadership of a Sikh priest. There were complaints of the inadequacy of the food supplied, but apparently the hunger strike is rather a protest against exclusion than against insufficient food. Canadian cynics affect to doubt that it is genuine. Meanwhile the Board of Immigration is slowly trying the claims of the Indians one by one, and twenty-two have been allowed to land. Attention is fixed for the moment on Vancouver, but far more serious is the question what reaction the attitude of Canada will have in India. To deny the citizen rights of Indians is to cancel the grounds on which the Empire has hitherto claimed their loyalty.

## Politics and Affairs.

### WHAT THE GOVERNMENT CAN DO.

LIBERALS as well as Conservatives had better, we think, be frank with themselves and admit that there is at this moment very little government in Ireland. Both the old machinery and the old moral restraints have virtually ceased to run. The Union, the nominal symbol of Anglo-Irish relationships, lies on a death-bed from which there can be no resurrection. But something has arisen in its stead. The "Times" correspondent hardly exaggerates when he says that "the whole of Ireland is on a war footing." There are two armies in the field, an avowedly loyal army of Nationalists, an openly disloyal army of Ulstermen. The Protestant North has put itself into some kind of military trim, not exactly to enforce the recall of the Union, but at least to dictate terms to the Government which, in fact though not in form, has decreed its repeal. Irish Nationalism could not be expected to stand the taunt of such a situation. The reply of the Catholic South and West has been to set up a more numerous but less organized body of armed Volunteers. The part of the Government in this array of violence is much the same as that of a rather weak medieval king (say, Henry VI.), confronted with rival confederacies of his barons. It moves against neither body of Irish anarchists. It winks an unfriendly eye at the Northerners and, we suppose, a friendly eye at the Southern contingent. It has shown the same benevolent or unbenevolent inattention to the evident signs of disaffection among the officers of the Regular Army. It might conceivably have done worse if it had moved, and in any case its attitude is less remarkable than that of the Conservative Opposition. Liberalism is by its character an inapt and bungling coercionist. Its heart is never in such work, and it is usually impelled to it by bureaucratic pressure. But Conservatism needs no such stimulus. It stands for the order which the classes who are satisfied maintain against those who are not, and the law that signifies the tacit assent of all classes to maintain existing things until, by methods of persuasion or protest, enough moral force has been accumulated to change them. This time-honored attitude has been abandoned. The Conservative Party is not only willing that Home Rule should be destroyed by force, but gives active aid and countenance to sedition in the army and armed rebellion in Ulster. It risks all the mal-chances to the Empire which may occur while the battle is going on, all the precedents that discontent is silently scoring up in the revolutionist's note-book. It would seem, therefore, as if the Irish problem were about to sink in a larger one. The issue, "Shall Ireland have Home Rule?" represents an important and long-standing matter in our politics. But the question, "Shall Parliament yield to the threat of armed force?" is older and bigger still.

Now, there is one thing the Government must be encouraged to do in this emergency, and that is to make up their own minds about it. We have never approved the policy of withholding a declaration on the Ulster question on the one hand and permitting the armed forces of

fanaticism in Ulster to gather to a head on the other. The objections to such a policy arise in full force as soon as it seems evident that concessions which many Liberals have all along thought to be wise in themselves are made in obedience to armed opposition, or at least in the presence of it. The result may be that when the Government's last offer is made, it may fail to command Nationalist assent, and may strike a heavy blow at the *morale* of Liberalism, and at the cause of constitutional action here and all over Europe. There is no reason in morals and in policy against incurring a lesser evil in order that we may avoid a greater. The Duke of Wellington was not only a great soldier but a singularly obstinate statesman. Yet he thought it no shame to yield to popular force when he considered the Crown and the Constitution in danger. But is the situation of 1832 and that of 1914 the same? There are, at least, important differences. The people who threatened revolution under William IV. were not in politics at all; while Ulstermen have votes, which they can use, in concert with the Conservative Party, in order to defeat or to modify Home Rule before it has been fully set up, or to escape from its operation. These opportunities the Government expressly open to them. Do we then set up a wide franchise and all the apparatus of democracy that one section of the people, who live more in the ideas of the eighteenth century than of the twentieth, may tear it all down again? That is a barbarous conclusion.

But if the Government decide to enlarge their first and generous offer to Ulster, or if the extreme violence threatened against them and the King's authority allows them so to act, how far can they go? Judging by the character of their first concession, they can go almost any length short of decreeing the permanent exclusion of all Ulster. They can set up a movable time limit; that is to say, they can leave it to Ulster to say at definite periods whether or no she wishes to come into Home Rule. On this there should be no difficulty. We do not know what draft scheme of government and administration Mr. Redmond has in his mind when the Bill becomes law. But we are certain that it does not contemplate the coercion of Ulster. No Irish force could do this, and it is not the proposition of Irish Home Rule to govern Ireland with the help of the British Army. The six years' limit is nothing in itself. It is a mere formulation of the truth that Ulster ought to come into Home Rule of her own free will. Nor does the question of area present insuperable difficulties. What we do not think the Government ought to do is to decree the indefinite exclusion of the province. That is to say about Ulster what she never says about herself. She would, of course, like to stop Home Rule. But the moment a Dublin Parliament is established by law, the pull of the situation—sentimental and economic—favors Irish unity. Moreover, if there is to be temporary separation, it may be just as well to leave a powerful Nationalist minority to leaven what is sure to be an intolerant rule. Indeed, if the whole province were left out, subject to a *plébiscite* by counties at this or that term, the pressure for final union would be greater than if only the predominantly Protestant counties were excluded.

But we imagine that the Government, with all the goodwill in the world, may find it impossible to come to terms with so elusive, so half-reasoned an opposition as now confronts them, made up as it is of equal parts of fanaticism and cool political manoeuvring. The first word now lies with the House of Lords. If they reject the Home Rule Bill and the Amending Bill, and a Provisional Government is then set up in Ulster, the Government becomes an executive force, charged with the punishment of unlawful acts and the recovery of property diverted from the Crown, and responsible for seeing that the King's officers are protected and that King's Writs run in the King's dominions. There is no need to press such a situation or to ask the army to act in civil commotion one moment before it becomes clear that the R.I.C. cannot do the work. But suppose that this point is reached and that regiments will not march? This great Empire is then exhibited to the world in a state of anarchy, and its acts and opinions must count for little so long as such a paralysis goes on. What must then be the task of the Ministry? In our view it ought at once to take exemplary steps with military mutineers. No Government that is worth calling a Government can see the Commons defied by a pack of colonels and subalterns without striking a blow for King and Parliament. But when that is done, it may still be argued that force is lacking to suppress an Ulster rising or to sustain a policy of Irish settlement. Therefore, while we would not advise the Government to go to the country without a drastic vindication of the civil power, we think that when the issue of the Army against Parliament has once been raised there is no way out of it save by an appeal to the electorate. Such an appeal would indeed settle little but the fate of this Government. If that were cut short, their successors would merely be presented with the reverse side of the ineluctable policy of Irish autonomy. What else does even a hot-gospeller like Mr. Amery plead for when he calls in the "Times" for a non-party convention? For he who does not see that the failure of the Liberal Party to coerce Ulster carries with it the failure of the Tory Party to coerce Nationalist Ireland, sees only the reflected vision of his own party passions. Upset the Bill; destroy the Government; discredit the Liberal Party; set rebel Ulster ablaze with joyous bonfires—what, with all this accomplished, will Toryism have done but fix on its own back the burden of framing a new measure of Home Rule?

#### FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND OURSELVES.

For the first time since the separation of Church and State, French politics show a real issue, and French parties a spirit of combative sincerity. On the surface, to the casual observer, it may seem that nothing more is going on than the familiar game of cabinet-making, complicated by rather more than the usual jealousy among the endlessly fissiparous groups. The history of the curious series of ministerial crises which in ten days have seen France in succession under a Radical, a sort of Socialist, and a frank Conservative as Premier, might be told cynically, as it usually was in our Conservative press, in such a way as to disguise its immense political signifi-

cance. To our thinking, it means that, in association with a strong Socialist Party, the Radicals have not merely evolved a wholly novel sense of discipline, but have discovered a new idealism. There is more at issue than the weary competition among fluid and invertebrate groups for office, and the something more is of European moment.

The facts are all clear and above-board. With some difficulty, and after many hesitations, M. Viviani, the brilliant, impressionable, easy-going ex-Socialist, managed to get together a respectable Cabinet, drawn from the groups on the Left. When it sat down to draft its statement of policy, M. Viviani proposed a specious formula to smooth over the military controversy. The Government would carry out the Three Years' Law; it would at once study other methods of organizing the national forces; if these worked well, it would, if international circumstances permitted, substitute them for Three Years' Service. To this formula M. Justin Godard with a junior colleague, M. Ponsot, objected irreconcilably, and broke the Cabinet up. M. Godard is a type of the new spirit in French Radicalism. He has never held office before; as a private member he has worked hard for various industrial reforms; he had won with the post of Minister of Labor the chance of carrying them out. But to him, as to all of his school who think clearly, the essence of the military question is that defence can always be adequately secured by a reorganization of the reserves. The Three Years' Law is for them a weapon of aggression. An easy-going man, tempted by office, might have passed lightly over that phrase about "international circumstances." He preferred to take his stand on the sincerity of a trenchant argument. It is much that he has given proof of a rare spirit of honesty in politics; it is more that he should have been able to assure M. Viviani that the bulk of his party would have been equally uncompromising. The Left means business, and it will stand together. So much this singular crisis has proved.

When M. Viviani failed, there were two courses open to the President. He might have invited some more stalwart Radical—the now aged M. Combes, for example—to form a Cabinet which would govern exclusively with the Left, a Cabinet composed of men of M. Godard's stamp, who would boldly set to work to reorganize the reserves, as a step towards returning to Two Years' Service. The Left was in power before the elections, and it has come back strengthened. This would unquestionably have been the more regular constitutional course. M. Poincaré turned instead to the Right. He has found in M. Ribot a Premier of great personal prestige, a frank and decided Conservative, who has admitted to his Cabinet only moderate Radicals committed to the Three Years' Law. He will probably be able to muster a heterogeneous majority. But this majority, while it lasts, will include avowed Clericals, extreme "Nationalists," and open opponents of the Republic, together with the moderate Conservatives of M. Briand's stamp who fared so ill in the General Election. It is a singular fashion of carrying out the country's verdict. Against it will stand a solid phalanx of "unified" Radicals and Socialists, who may number on a sharp issue slightly less than half the House, but have this element of prestige behind them, that they are the main body and the

majority of the Republican forces. We doubt the ability of any Government to govern for long in France with the aid of anti-Republican votes. To M. Ribot will fall the heavy task of preparing by unpopular taxation to finance an unpopular military law. Sooner or later, on some side-question or administrative question, a dispute with Labor or a difficulty about the lay schools, an issue will present itself which must break up his mixed majority. We should say, for our part, even if that chance were very slow in coming, that the steady, combined stand of the Left for a principle would bring in the end a greater gain to it and to France than a smooth period of compromise with office. Hitherto in all European countries the Socialists alone have made this kind of stand on military questions. The new fact, and it is a fact of European significance, is that in France a Radical Party is with them.

In this French crisis we see the first shock between European democracy and a militarism Russian in its inspiration. The new phase of European armaments, the last concerted rush in the "rattle into barbarism," began with the formation of the Balkan League. The Germans and Austrians realized with a sudden shock that the League, which had been formed under Russian leadership against Turkey, had in it the possibilities of a great Slav combination against Austria. Bulgaria, indeed, fell out, but Roumania came in. It was on this ground that the increase in the German Army was defended. It was notorious that the first pressure on France to increase her active army came from Russia during M. Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg. It has been capped by an even greater increase in the standing army of Russia, an increase which has enabled Russian experts to claim that their strategy will in future be offensive. The French Three Years' Law, in short, is not a reply to German armaments, and it is not a defensive measure. It is an item in a vast articulated scheme which is designed under Russian leadership to give the Triple Entente a military ascendancy, for purposes which seem to hinge on Russia's Eastern policy.

We wish that it were possible to leave the Triple Entente out of the question. Sir Edward Grey's reply to Mr. King in the House of Commons on Thursday is, we hope, intended to give a full denial of the report, generally believed in Berlin, that we also had our share in this concerted movement for tightening the military bonds of the Entente. The belief that we have concluded a naval convention with Russia, improbable, nay, impossible as it ought to have been, rested on positive statements which came from Paris and St. Petersburg, as well as from Berlin. What it would have meant, if it had been true, would have been that the Triple Entente was about to back Russia's ambition to pass the Dardanelles and enter the Mediterranean as a naval Power. The details of such a policy are necessarily secret, and difficult to divine even by guess-work. In the objects which Russia, at the head of the minor Slav Powers, may dream of pursuing against Austria, neither we nor the French have the remotest common interest. But French finance is apparently used to prepare this policy, and in spite of our recent approach to Germany, in spite of the active movement in France on behalf of a Franco-German

approach, both the Western Powers were thought to be involved in a certain degree of solidarity in a forward Russian policy. We hope we may conclude now that our hands are free of any fresh engagement. Sir Edward Grey's reply to Mr. King gives this impression, and if it is not meant to negative the idea of a naval convention with Russia, Parliament will have been much deceived. We will assume that it represents a specific attitude, made clear to both the Continental parties to the Entente. But it is the disastrous theory of a European Balance of Power which is responsible for these alarms and this unrest. Because we must reckon in groups, because we need the forces of a semi-barbaric Power like Russia to complete our group, we run a constant risk of being frustrated in our own impulses, thwarted in our own economies, and becoming the accomplices in a policy of Oriental adventure. In France a resolute party, tardily enlightened, is at length combating the consequences of the Russian alliance. Among ourselves the consequences as yet are slighter, the facts are less obvious and more obscure, but the case for vigilance is none the less clear.

#### A HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE.

UNREFLECTING posterity may find it a little difficult to take quite seriously the banqueting and oratorical displays by which Great Britain and the United States celebrate a hundred years of peace. That two great Christian nations, so nearly related in blood, language, and institutions, should congratulate themselves so vehemently upon not lifting murderous hands against one another for so long a period, will seem a curious commentary upon the level of civilization attained in the early twentieth century. It will seem much as if a man should invite his friends upon each birthday to rejoice with him that during a whole year he had not once been charged with a criminal offence, or should make a boast of his morning wash. But it will not seem so strange to those who bear in mind how every nation emerges slowly into civilization, trailing clouds of barbarism from its brutal past. Still less inappropriate will these rejoicings seem to those who realize the bitter legacy of hate and suspicion towards this country which rankled in the minds of most Americans during the earlier part of last century. It took more than a generation to forget the British policy of commercial prohibition which led to the war of 1812; and the burning of Washington by a British fleet in 1814 left an ineffaceable mark upon the pride of a new nation. De Tocqueville, writing twenty years later, records his impressions thus: "On ne saurait voir de haine plus envenimée que celle qui existe entre les Américains des Etats Unis et les Anglais." If the feeling was stronger on their side than on ours, this was chiefly due to the enormously larger part which the War of Independence and this more recent conflict played in their brief and confined history than in our longer and more enlarged scope of national activities. Whole generations of boys and girls in American schools were fed upon resentment towards Britain, and the early social intercourse between members of the two nations helped rather to exacerbate than to assuage the feeling. An interesting book by a well-known American

writer, Mr. Graham Brooks, entitled "As Others See Us," records the extraordinary series of misrepresentations of American life and manners by which ill-bred British visitors, sometimes of literary distinction, repaid the hospitality for which then, as now, Americans were famous. The self-assertiveness and patriotic boastfulness which foreigners used to find a leading American characteristic was, of course, a natural feature in a people striving to cultivate self-confidence, and sensitive to every sign of what Lowell called "a certain condescension in foreigners."

But a good deal of ill-feeling can animate nations as well as individuals without any danger of their flying at one another's throats if they live three thousand miles apart. What makes our Hundred Years' Peace a real achievement is the fact that during all this time an important section of the British Empire has lain stretched across the North of the United States with several thousand miles of undefended frontiers. No fortresses or garrisoned towns protect this frontier upon either side. No warships patrol the chain of lakes extending half across the continent. The adherence to this peaceful arrangement has not always been so easy as it seems. For during the century there have been several occasions when the menace of war between the United States and this country has been very real. Until comparatively recent times it was considered by a large section of Americans a part of their "manifest destiny" to absorb the country across the Northern border, peacefully no doubt if possible, but forcibly if necessary. Accepting the ordinary code of national conduct, it might reasonably have been expected that some quarrel should arise, some conflict of interest, which should afford a plausible pretext for putting into execution a plan that seemed so simple and so feasible. There have, indeed, been several occasions connected with the adjustment of frontiers that might quite easily have ripened into a conflict. Canadians have often bitterly complained of the failure of this country to support what they considered their just territorial rights. The Ashburton Treaty of 1842 allowed the State of Maine to run like a wedge into the heart of "Canadian territory." Four years later, a similar concession was made on the Pacific coast. Canadians regarded the conduct of England during the Washington negotiations of 1871 as one of abject submissiveness, and the results of the recent Alaska Boundary Commission roused hot feelings of resentment against the use of Canada to buy the goodwill of the United States.

It cannot, however, be said that any of these occurrences seriously endangered the peace of 1814. It was far different in 1864, when Englishmen believed that it was the express intention of the Federal Government, should it succeed in crushing the Secession, to launch its triumphant army upon Canada, partly to avenge itself upon the Southern sympathies manifested prominently in this country, partly to satisfy the national lust of conquest. Few Englishmen even now realize how near we were at one time to accepting the invitation of Louis Napoleon to join in an expedition to rescue the Slave States and to crush the Federal forces. The revival of ill-feeling and distrust of Britain then aroused, was not wholly dissipated even by the "Alabama"

settlement, signal triumph for peace as that was. Dying down through the 'seventies and 'eighties, it was roused to a brief flicker of violence by the Venezuela incident in 1895. Since that time, however, there has been a continuous strengthening of amity and a growing capacity for co-operation between the two Governments and peoples. One incessant source of irritation in the American system still lingers, though shortly, we hope, to be removed. The Irish element, powerful not merely by its numbers, but by its political influence throughout America, has been implacable in its hostility towards Great Britain. The assuagement of this animosity will be not the least valuable fruit of the Home Rule settlement. It is a source of deep satisfaction that, amid such difficulties, the friendship of the two great English-speaking nations should have attained such solid strength as is manifested by the present celebration. When Irish ill-will is eliminated for the future, we believe that the active friendship and fruitful many-sided co-operation between the British Empire and the United States may become a chief instrument of peace among the other nations of the earth.

#### THE USELESS BATTLESHIP.

ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT has launched an argumentative torpedo at our own and every other navy, and the plain man is waiting to see whether it will take effect. In this species of warfare, however, it is not enough to aim well; the enemy must know when he is hit. There are obvious reasons why he should refuse to admit that he has been struck, exploded, and sunk. If Sir Percy Scott is right in declaring that the submarine has rendered every sort of warship useless, it requires only a simple calculation to realize the enormous consequences of his discovery. The first consequence would be that all the Powers would, sooner or later, scrap their battleships, and build no more. The second would be that they would all fall to building vast numbers of submarines and aeroplanes. But the new form of competition would differ greatly from the old. These new craft are cheap, and the poorest nation may with ease provide itself with a sufficiency of them to insure its own defence. In the second place, we fail to see how a Great Power over-provided with these craft could intimidate a small Power adequately provided. The struggle for a Balance of Sea-Power would soon become almost meaningless. For that matter, if Sir Percy Scott's thesis is ever accepted in the literal trenchant terms in which he states it, it seems to follow that naval warfare will have become an impossibility. The first stage is to build so many submarines that no battleship dare put to sea. The second stage is to stop building battleships. The third and final step in this evolution is to recognize that since nothing exists for submarines to assail, they, in their turn, are useless.

It is a far-reaching argument, and we are not surprised that the "Times" should rebuke Sir Percy Scott for putting such a weapon into the hands of pacifists. It is probably destined to remain an inoperative theory for many a year to come. Sailors do not like admitting that their formidable ships are useless. Armament firms

will be slow to allow their trade to lapse. Governments will be reluctant to admit that they have been wasting the nation's money. We foresee the most illogical of all possible issues to this argument for some time to come. We shall do what all Sir Percy Scott's critics advise us to do. We shall spend the maximum on battleships to be blown up, and on submarines to blow up other people's fleets. We shall act, in short, on the assumption that our own ships cannot be sunk, and that our submarines can sink those of any other Power.

Sir Percy Scott's is a quick and inventive mind, but he is hardly an authority so sovereign as to balance the main weight of service opinion. The curious layman must be content to the best of his ability to watch the contest. What chiefly impresses us is that while none of the presumably competent officers who have written to the "Times" will accept Sir Percy Scott's conclusion that we should stop building battleships, they are all of them so far in agreement with him about the value of submarines that they unite in bidding us build more of them. It is easy to accuse Sir Percy Scott of exaggeration, and clearly there are serious limits to a submarine's activity. It is blind at night. It can travel only 100 knots under water, and only then at ten knots an hour; which means that it cannot pursue. The torpedo, moreover, is not an absolutely accurate weapon, though we should suppose that at the close range work in which submarines revel, it is both accurate and deadly. It is probable, too, that Sir Percy Scott overstated his case when he claimed that no harbor could withstand a submarine. Explosive booms are not easily forced, and it is only in a deep harbor that a submarine can manoeuvre to advantage. These reserves must not be forgotten, though the progress of invention may tend to overcome them. But, to our thinking, they leave the Admiral's main thesis intact. The position, as we understand it, is admittedly this; against a submarine which can get within range of a battleship, the battleship has no defence whatever, and will theoretically be sunk. To a proposition of this kind, it is no answer to accumulate adverse chances and unfavorable conditions. Let us allow for them all. The submarine, owing to its low speed, cannot always get within range of the ship; the ship may escape it by night, and occasionally, by a failure of nerve or a faulty use of the periscope, or through defective material, the torpedo will not find its mark. It remains true, none the less, so far as we can gather from this discussion, that no warship dare expose itself to attack by a submarine. That it might by good luck survive, and that there may be times or places where it would probably be immune from attack is no answer at all. No one would build warships on the chance that they might be fairly safe in the dark.

If this main thesis stands, then we think Sir Percy Scott's conclusion follows. There are, after all, some propositions which admit of no exaggeration. No unarmored ship can face a modern gun, and it is not an answer to say that gunners do not always shoot straight. No warship, however powerful, will sail knowingly into a network of mines, and it is not an answer to say that mines do not always do what is expected of them. There are chances so terrible that they cannot be faced. The

problem is moral as well as material. The North Sea incident showed us how an ill-disciplined fleet will behave when it fancies that there are torpedo-destroyers about. Would the nerves of the best disciplined fleet survive the knowledge or even the suspicion that they were within reach of submarines? The Japanese had no submarines in the Russian War, and the torpedo was not then as perfect as it is now. But on the first day of the war they managed by a sudden attack to turn the balance of naval force in their favor, and practically confined what was left of the Russian fleet to the guarded waters of Port Arthur. If half that is claimed for the submarine is true, it does not seem to us an extravagant conclusion to say that a Power which had at command a numerous submarine flotilla and used it ruthlessly on or even before the declaration of war, could cripple the enemy on the first day without risking its own capital ships if he ventured out to battle, or confine him to his harbors if he elected to be prudent.

If that is at all true, it follows that capital ships are useless. The case, of course, is immeasurably stronger, if Sir Percy Scott should be right in his further and more questionable claim that no harbor is an adequate defence against submarines. No layman can pretend to know the facts, but we suspect that the facts are none the less sufficiently known; it is the courage to draw the moral that is lacking. We should like, in all innocence and good faith, to put a hypothetical case. A squadron of Dreadnoughts is lying in Rosyth Harbor with steam up expecting a declaration of war, and the boom, which is supposed to be reliable, is closed. The telegraph brings the news that Germany has declared war or begun war. At that moment an aeroplane scout reports that he thinks he has seen the periscope of a submarine moving up the Forth. The presumption is that if there is one German submarine about, there are twenty or more. Would our fleet put out to sea? And if it should put out, and should promptly lose its flag-ship by a blow from the unseen enemy, would the other vessels ride on to destruction? The Admiralty, we suppose, has thought out such a case. We do not doubt that sailors are brave, and for the first time at least they would obey orders. But would the orders to sail be given, and if once they were given, with the result which Sir Percy Scott anticipates, could they ever be repeated?

Such a question as this ought to be capable of an answer, and that without waiting for the test of actual warfare. Manoeuvres are not actual warfare, but the difference cuts both ways. The average man may do better when there is no real danger, but the man who has the true temperament of the sailor will take greater risks and surpass himself in enterprise under the stimulus of a real contest. For our part we are impressed by the tendency of thinkers much more cautious than Sir Percy Scott, to argue that the monster battleship is a mistake. They mean by that that the chance of losing one of these vast ships by a sudden unparable blow is too great, and they argue for a reduction of these incalculable chances by building more and smaller ships. That reasoning to us is unconvincing. If the submarine is an enemy against which there is no defence, it is not to be dodged by building smaller ships and more of them. The

enemy's answer to that policy would, of course, be to build more submarines.

By two parallel lines of reasoning it seems to us evident that naval warfare, as the world used to know it, is becoming obsolete. Laymen have argued from the days of Cobden and Bright onwards, that the practice of capturing enemy merchantmen would not pay. Against an enemy who would, like Germany, always have land routes open to him and neutral ports within easy reach of him, and with the certainty that his losses as well as our own would fall mainly upon our own underwriters, it is clear that it would be at once useless and disastrous. Sir Edward Grey's recent speech has made it clear that the Government is at length beginning to admit what "pacifists" have long preached. When capture is abolished, as "Mancunian" argues in his able brochure, "The Freedom of Commerce in War" (P. S. King & Son), half the functions of the navy have gone. It may still blockade—no very useful function. It must still defend our coasts. But if Sir Percy Scott is right, these are functions which the submarine can adequately perform, and which the capital ship dare no longer undertake. We are entering on a period of fresh and revolutionary thinking in these matters. The question of the future may soon be whether the obsolete barbarisms, the weapons, and the methods which have outlived utility, shall continue to impose themselves as an economic burden.

## A London Diary.

THERE are many tortuous and doubtful political movements on the board; and yet I believe that so far as the directors of both sides—of all sides—in this Irish controversy are concerned, they long for peace and would like to find a way out. But the way of approach is not easy to find. The Government have not, of course, said their last word. If it were a question of extending the time-limit of exemption—even of assuring Protestant Ulster that she need not come in to Home Rule unless and until she signifies her desire to do so, or of providing for a variation of the county area, so as to leave out the Protestant district of one county and bring in the Catholic portion of another, no barbed-wire obstacle would be put in the way of settlement. But the difficulty is that no advance is made on the other side, and that all the while the demand for "all Ulster out for ever" goes on with the spread of sedition in the Army and the preparations for the setting up of a Provisional Government in Belfast as soon as the Bill becomes law.

Nor is the Parliamentary situation much better. The Opposition leaders make an advance, then they find that their followers are not in hand, and it is notified that "settlement is off," and arrangements actually made to smooth the way to peace are cancelled. At this moment there is no guarantee—in spite of the more moderate attitude of the Unionist leaders—that the Lords will not throw out the Amending Bill as well as the Home Rule Bill, and if that happens the bit is in Ulster's mouth, and it is a matter for law and police. A British Government cannot face Europe and the country with rebellion

unveiled in Belfast and only half-veiled in the Army. The Tory leaders know this; they must know, too, how seriously foreign opinion is beginning to take the situation, and how much it discounts the moral force of the Empire. Do they care? I do not know. Party spirit is a blind god, and it blinds its worshippers.

As to the Ulster movement, its spiritual character has undergone the change for the worse that many foresaw for it. It did not begin as anti-Popery; but that is its end. It is so hard for us to slip off our twentieth-century garments, that we simply do not understand such a case as that of the Presbyterian farmer who, the other day, said quite seriously to a friend of mine—"Every night I expect to see the Catholics come down from the hills, and to find my house burned over my head." Such are the tools of British Unionism, bad subjects, indeed, for coercion, but meet for almost any kind and degree of folly! Yet I fancy that the predominant feeling of the heads of the Liberal Party favors gentle dealing with them, until time has softened their edge. Meanwhile, it is an ironical fact that the party which has constantly headed off the Government from even the mildest measures of restraint is—Irish Nationalism.

As a political reply to the Ulster Volunteer movement the counter-movement in Nationalist Ireland has already had its effect on opinion here—a more marked effect, I imagine, than was ever likely to be produced by the mere military aspect of either of those manifestations. In numbers the Nationalists must eventually far exceed their Unionist rivals, and in such affairs—the chief use of which, after all, lies in their spectacular appeal to the British onlooker—it is the big battalions that make the better show. One continues to hear the oddest stories of how the two forces are being armed, but I have met no responsible authority who puts much faith either in this later gossip or in the absurd armament statistics furnished to the world by the Carsonite press at the time of the gun-running episode. Meanwhile, the martial infection is beginning to be perceptible in the spread of the badge-wearing habit in the House of Commons. Imitating the Ulster Unionists, some of the Nationalist members are now carrying their colors, neatly embossed on a small button, which, I believe, has the merit of having been made in Belfast.

SUFFRAGETTISM, I am afraid, continues to hold the mirror up to Carsonism in vain. In the Parliamentary lobbies this week it has been a common enough experience to hear members who have been contemplating a direct appeal to the King to withhold his signature from the Home Rule Bill, triumphantly citing the Blomfield incident as yet another demonstration of the incapacity of women to grasp the veriest elements of the Constitution—meaning, of course, the doctrine of the Sovereign's non-responsibility in the sphere of government. Surely a new variant of the old quarrel between practice and precept!

M. RIBOT must surely be the last European orator of the Gladstonian school. As such, I thought him ex-

tremely fine, excelling in the phrases and harmonies of oratorical French and quite noble in voice and presence. In the debates on the Separation Bill—in which I last heard him—he played a moderate part, such as a Whig Disestablisher might play on an English or Welsh Disestablishment Bill. His point of view was pretty well that of Cavour's "free Church in a free State." As a Minister, one hardly sees him at all; so much does his figure suggest criticism of the new age by a survivor from an older one, and so little popularity does his correct, reserved personality carry with it.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON's death seems to leave us with only Stopford Brooke as a link with the best Victorian criticism. I was too young to associate him with the "Examiner," but his "Athenæum" reviews were a precious possession, the kind of writing which, like "Christopher North's," gave young men a zest for poetry and fine workmanship. The famous article in the "Encyclopædia" well illustrates his style. It is not at all obsolete, contains an excellent and true definition, and excels in its choice of examples and its treatment of them. Of his "Aylwin," I must speak with reserve, for I could never read it; it remains, I am ashamed to say, a book that is no book to me. Watts encouraged discreet pilgrimages to the famous house at the bottom of Putney Hill, where Swinburne and he kept house together. Those two queer little old men! They looked like fairies in a fairy house in a wood, and I should not have been in the least astonished if at any moment it had begun to rise in the air and soar above Richmond Park. Watts was rather a silent fairy, Swinburne, in his moments of excitability, when genius began to flutter and stretch its wings, a wholly unearthly one. But I have never seen anything in this world more beautiful than their mutual love and spiritual approach to each other.

MR. JOHN HELSTON, the poet, has written a novel called "Thracian Sea." "Thracian Sea" is really not a sea at all, but a horse.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE POLICY OF "NATIONAL GUILDS."

THE "social unrest" of our time is very largely centred in a deep discontent with the working of the wage-system. That system does not ensure a sufficient income or regular employment for the worker, and it gives him no voice or interest in the control of the industry which lives upon his labor. The root of the trouble is that labor, though it involves the lives of human beings, is bought and sold in the market as a mere commodity by a process incidental to the profit-making end of business. All schools of reformers are agreed that the worker should be saved from this situation—that he should not be the prey of a competitive labor market, and that the structure and working of businesses ought to be altered so as to secure the interests and the willing co-operation of the employees. But how far are these improvements in the condition of labor consistent with the maintenance of the wage-system? Agreements between employers and trade unions, or the operations of statutory trade boards,

may fix minimum wages. But can they get for the worker what he really wants and needs, a secure and adequate weekly and yearly income for himself and his family and a status in the business? Schemes of profit-sharing, co-partnership on productive co-operation, have claimed to satisfy these requirements of justice and humanity. But only in exceptionally favorable circumstances do they attain a high measure of success. The 'economy of high wages' does not prevent a vast amount of 'sweating,' and the advantages of a known reliable body of employees are not enough to induce most firms to retain all their staff on full pay during slack times.

The "out and out" Socialist has usually declared for the complete abolition of the wage-system, and the substitution of State and municipal services which would find full regular employment for all working citizens at adequate salaries. For platform propagandism this usually sounded satisfactory enough, and little attention was paid to conservative business men or to academic economists who suggested that it would not work. But recently a strong tide of criticism has set in from the side, not of capitalism, but of labor. It has been discovered that, in spite of all franchises and popular elections, the State remains an appanage of capitalism, and that to entrust such a State with larger industrial functions would be to rivet still more tightly the fetters of wagedom upon the workers. For the actual working of the public services shows no proper recognition of the elementary rights of equality of opportunity; the pay, the hours of labor, and other conditions of employment are unsatisfactory, and the control by a bureaucracy does not differ much in temper or in results from that of the private capitalist. Moreover, the essential burden of wagedom must remain under a State system which still "robs" the workers of the greater part of "their" product in order to pay rent, interest, and profit. For the nationalization of railways, mines, and other industries would mean the perpetuation of the old system of exploiting labor, by reason of the necessity of paying dividends on public loans required to buy out the private shareholders at prices which discounted their future powers of exploitation. Under such circumstances, wages, or whatever were the name given to the pay, would still be cut down by the demands of these capitalistic holders of the public bonds, who would retain in their hands the political control needed to curb the encroachments of labor upon their interest.

Such is the line of criticism urged with considerable intellectual skill in a volume edited by Mr. A. R. Orage, and entitled "Guild Socialism" (G. Bell & Sons). It follows as a result of this analysis that the workers should abandon all trust in a Labor Party and political methods as quite impracticable, and should set themselves to re-organize their economic resources so as to capture the control of industry. In all this destructive criticism our writers are at one with Syndicalism. Their constructive proposals also are those of a modified Syndicalism. They look to the grouping of trade unions into a limited number of great national guilds, each of which shall undertake the complete management and control of a field of industry, agriculture, transport, mines, textiles, food, &c., the guild comprising all branches of employees, inclusive of management and staff. Each guild should have full control of its group of industries, regulating the amount of output, methods of work, and all conditions of employment. But close relations should be maintained with all the other guilds, so as to secure equitable exchange of goods and a proper partition of the general body of wealth. The deep essential difficulties of such

a scheme are mostly eluded by the judicious use of the formula, "At first no doubt." What will prevent the Transport or the Mining Guild from extorting excessively favorable terms of exchange for coal and carriage, two indispensable requisites for the whole of industry and for the common life of the consumer, a being who, however, does not even make a solitary appearance in the pages of this book? "At first, no doubt," this danger must be taken into account, and the labor-time, which forms the basis of value in Mr. Orage's scheme, will have to be unfairly weighted in favor of these economic "pulls." So also as regards the different classes and grades of employees within each guild. They will have been accustomed to widely different rates of pay and standards of living, and a levelling process will be resented and resisted by the upper grades. Apparently, Mr. Orage, though holding that wage-approximation will go very far, considers that "it is nevertheless inevitable that graduations of position and pay will be found necessary to efficient guild administration." Yet this admission knocks the bottom out of his labor-time basis of exchange, and must prove incompatible with genuinely democratic government in the guilds. For how is it conceivable that guilds empowered "to decide by democratic suffrage what hours shall be worked and generally the conditions of employment" should adjudicate between the delicate claims of groups of specially skilled workers or managers to receive higher rates of pay than those which the majority of the voters get?

This, of course, opens up the wider question of democratic management. A long series of experiments disposes of the feasibility of the self-governing workshop or factory, and there is no reason to hope for any larger measure of success for similar experiments upon a larger scale. In the only clear example given of the operation of a guild (in an Appendix) the writer expressly stipulates that in the formation of a Railway Guild "the appointments must continue to be made from above," and that the management must have "a reasonably free hand," thus conserving the very bureaucratic methods which belong to capitalism and the State. It takes a very sanguine man to believe that either the internal policy of a great guild, in which the voting power would be vested in the less-skilled, lower-paid, and less-intelligent majority, or the external policy—*i.e.*, the relations with other guilds, could be conducted peacefully and in such a measure as to subserve the general interests. Nor do we understand upon what principle the "supreme government of the united guilds," to which a passing reference is made, could adjudicate upon the respective claims of different guilds to raise the rate of pay which determines the exchange-value for their services.

Equally obscure are the relations between industry and the State. For unlike the Syndicalist proper, Mr. Orage desires a State which is to supervise the Guilds of Law, Medicine, and Education, as well as to perform functions of defence, police, foreign relations, and other definitely political work. This State is even to be the owner of the material structure of industry, the land, plant, materials, &c. But it is to have no voice whatever in determining the uses which the guilds shall make of them. Such ownership, of course, is nugatory, so that the State has no real part or lot in the working of industry, either as the representative of the body of citizens or of the consumer. This complete severance of politics from industry will not bear the least probing. A State bereft of all industrial functions, though dependent for the whole of its finance upon the produce of industry, would not be a State.

The real significance of such a book lies in the grow-

ing recognition that in any satisfactory reconstruction of industrialism the workers engaged in the several processes shall be directly represented in the control. The persons who supply the labor, as well as those who supply the capital, must be reckoned "owners" of the business, and that joint-ownership must carry with it not merely security of tenure but a due participation of the product. Slowly and irregularly both public opinion and the course of events are moving in this direction. The demand for a decent minimum subsistence wage and for security of employment, which trade unionism and public policy are alike supporting, is a first stage in the march towards this new order. Direct co-operation between the State and the rival organizations of Capital and Labor for promoting and carrying out agreements is the second stage, that on which we are just entering. As Capital and Labor in the several trades become more fully organized for such work, the hand of the State must be more firmly pressed, so as to secure the general public against the dangers of excessive prices and other abuses of monopoly likely to arise from combinations of Capital and Labor in strong trades, such as mining and transport. Eventually some reasonable balance of the interests of Capital, Labor, and the Consumer may be found in a re-arrangement of business structure in which each of these highly interested parties has a proper place. But if these structures take the shape of National Guilds, the nation in its political organization will claim to be directly represented and to exercise a casting vote in all decisions that affect the well-being of the community.

#### "THE FIRST CRITIC OF OUR TIME."

"THEY go—the gods are going!" Perhaps it is the cry of every age. Certainly, the cry was repeatedly raised some forty or fifty years ago, when one by one the aged survivors of the early century's greatness were seen departing, and left behind them, as people thought, nothing to be compared with their divinity. And now we lament the gradual departure of the gods who then were left behind, so little recognized by their generation, or even by themselves. Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Wellington, and a few beside—great names beyond question, and any succeeding age might well think itself small and mortal in comparison. But consider the names of those who thus lamented that the gods were gone! Take New Year's Day, 1870. Dickens was still alive; Carlyle and Newman old, but still alert; Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold established in fame; George Eliot and George Meredith at their height; Thomas Hardy beginning. It was the age of Gladstone and Disraeli; of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall; of Livingstone and Stanley. Search our history through, and we doubt if you would find any age in which the genius of Britain in all the varied spheres of human energy stood more splendidly revealed than just at the very time when all were lamenting the gods who had gone and left our country desolate.

Of that age, year by year, we now in turn lament the rapidly disappearing relics. This week, Theodore Watts-Dunton has followed his friends. One thinks of him rather as an angel ministering to genius than as one of the gods themselves. He belonged to the class who, with unselfish devotion, undertake the care of greatness, and by the weight of their charge obliterate their own distinction. We may doubt whether such devotion is justified; whether it would not be finer in the end to let genius go its own gate, even to death or destruction, than to keep it hovering in suspended animation, inert and

useless as an invalid upon our esplanades. But we can admire the devotion, however unwise, and only regret that the widespread knowledge of it should have obscured the fame due to a thin but shining vein of genius that lay embedded in fine abilities and a keenly intelligent nature, observant of the moving world in spite of literary and charming seclusion. Perhaps it was want of impulse and pressure, more likely it was the long and dangerous association with men of similar but richer power which prevented the full development of that vein. But there it always lay, however little it might be used, and whenever it came to light, its quality shone again.

The abilities were open and public. Week by week for about twenty-five years, Watts-Dunton's essays set the note in the leading organ of Victorian criticism. It was criticism in the great style, if not in the grand. He never quite reached Matthew Arnold's sharp outline of definition, sureness of judgment, or power of creating a vivid and lasting phrase. He seldom attempted the rhetorical and stupendous criticism, sometimes so amusing in Macaulay, and always amazing or flabbergasting in the surge and thunder of Swinburne's oceanic utterances. As a rule, his discussions were quiet, reasonable, and perceptive. For delivering us from the swash-buckling, cut-and-slash methods of the earlier generation, we owe him an incalculable debt. If we turn up the articles of famous reviews during the first half of last century, it seems incredible that such stuff once passed for criticism at all—such insolence, such bluster, above all, such sorry blindness.

Watts-Dunton's fault lay all on the other side. Sometimes he was too deliberate, often too diffuse. He would wander round and round the subject without quite getting there or showing us the way. Like an Oxford don, he was sometimes so polite to error as to forget the truth. Latterly, he often returned to an old-fashioned manner, and made his criticism a dissertation on the subject rather than an estimate of the book. But at his best, there he stood, giving us of his best week by week, without signature or appeal for fame—an industrious man of unusual literary knowledge and an inborn sense of beauty highly developed by selection; cautious in admitting new or startling forms, but constantly on the look-out for any sign of possible promise along the well-established lines. "I have always tried," he used to say, "to find the best in every book I have criticized." How great and rapid a change! In the generation before him it was the critic's function to find the worst.

In a characteristic and well-known sentence, which raised a chatter among literary circles when it was published, Swinburne described his friend as "the first critic of our time—perhaps the largest-minded and the surest-sighted of any age." We remember scornful rivals of the old "*Athenæum*" bidding their readers observe that the address of both poet and critic was "The Pines, Putney." And certainly, the sentence is tainted with that dogmatic exaggeration which made Swinburne's prose such a weariness to the flesh, however heartily one might agree with its underlying intention. But at the moment, Swinburne was writing of the article on "Poetry" which Watts-Dunton composed for the ninth edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." Read that article again, and you will probably think the praise not much beyond the truth.

It is a remarkable piece of work. A vast subject had to be treated within definite limits—a subject that had been discussed and illustrated by the finest minds up and down two thousand years. Knowledge of history, of European and even Asiatic literature, and of the best criticism, was essential as a basis, but there was no place

for its display as knowledge. It must be hidden, as it were, underground. Its existence could be known only from the strong outline of the superstructure, with here and there a hinted reference, or a suggestion to those who knew what the knowledge meant. The result is a vital and personal work, quite a different thing from what one expects in a great encyclopædia of knowledge—let us say, in a German Encyclopædia, for instance. How easily one can imagine those arid and dreary pages—the dates, the succession of "periods," the lists of names, the scientific divisions, the complex definitions, the numbered references, and all the intolerable weight of indistinctive and unprofitable information! To read such an article would be enough to sicken the poets themselves of their thankless trade. But to read Watts-Dunton's treatise brings an elevation of spirit. It almost inspires. By a personal, an almost emotional quality, sometimes to be found in the best English and French criticism, it rises from science to the literature of power.

The treatise is well-known; its definitions and conceptions have passed into common property. "Absolute poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language"—the Futurist poets may question the limitation "rhythmical" as unsuited to the new emotions of our noisy times; but the definition holds, and from it we pass on to the discussion of its terms—"absolute," "concrete," "artistic," "emotional," and "rhythmical" itself. On those lines, for the most part, the essay runs, with judgments and distinctions calm, reasonable, supported by simple and familiar instances, but yet inspiriting, touched by a kind of passion, as though genius itself were at work with the critic's hand. The insistence on concrete form, the exclusion of all that is merely abstract, informative, or typical from the highest or "absolute" poetry, the exclusion also of all "word-painting," the account of the two angels of Sincerity and Conscience which must accompany the poet on either hand—those are among the deepest motives of the work, and there is no need for further praise.

But before taking leave of so sincere and conscientious a worker in the arts of language, we may notice with interest one or two points on which the judgment of time has changed, or in which even "the largest-minded and surest-sighted critic of any age" went astray. It seems strange to us, for instance, to hear such a critic maintaining that Mrs. Browning "has touched our hearts with the most powerful hand of all recent poets." We seldom think of Mrs. Browning now. Except for three or four short poems, she is little but a remembered name. Much of her verse might certainly be called "touching," but we doubt if any living critic would now speak of her hand as powerful. Watts-Dunton was probably influenced by some memory of youth, some association from the tender days when fashion called her a greater poet than her husband.

In the brave assertion that the "*Prometheus Bound*" is "the most sublime poem in the world," we recognize the grand Swinburnian manner—the challenging, domineering manner that Swinburne unfortunately caught from Macaulay or an earlier age, and developed till all were sick of it. The judgment may be true, but it at once arouses contradiction. We remember the assertion of Mark Pattison (himself one of the finest critics) that the "*Agamemnon*" was the most sublime production of the human intellect. Of the two, we incline to this, but it would need a volume to discuss the claims of one or the other, and it is better to content ourselves with honoring a poet who could create two such works. We find the high-and-mighty Swinburnian manner again in such a sentence as this:—

"In the Great Drama, in the 'Agamemnon,' in 'Othello,' in 'Hamlet,' in 'Macbeth,' there is an imagination at work whose laws are inexorable, are inevitable, as the laws by the operation of which the planets move round the sun."

That may be true. Nobody is disputing it. But, in the language of the vulgar British soldier, it is a basinful.

There is one other point in the essay where the critic appears to us to go wrong, not merely in a single mistake of judgment or exaggeration of language, but in the very essence of his meaning. He has been insisting that the highest passion cannot be expressed in words, because passion is usually silent. Words, he says, cannot express passion as sculpture can. "What human sounds," he asks, "could render the agony of Niobe or the agony of Laocoön as we see them in the sculptor's rendering?" Coming from such a man, the criticism astonishes us. Gaze at the Niobe or Laocoön with all the admiration you can muster. Then recall the passion of Clytemnestra, of Cassandra, of the "Trojan Women," of Shakespeare's Cleopatra, of Goethe's Gretchen, and see whether passion is not there expressed by intangible words as well as any sculptor could express it with his lump of marble. Nor do words alone give expression in the highest poetry. The great poet gains his purpose by the art of leading up to the passionate moment, by situation, by character, by subconscious suggestion working upon the minds of his readers or his audience. Silence itself may gain his purpose, as it is gained in the "Agamemnon" while Cassandra sits in silence. So powerful are the instruments of an art so frail, so impalpable, so like the wind.

#### CUT-AND-COME AGAIN.

THERE is a vegetable in our village called perpetual cabbage. It has, of course, a romantic story to fit its alleged remarkable excellence. A great firm of seedsmen (says the story) discovered the perpetual cabbage, and began to sell it to the public, but it proved so useful that nobody ever bought more than one packet of the seed, and it became evident that everyone would soon have his own cabbage tree, from which he would cut for ever all the cabbages, sprouts, cauliflowers, and what not that his family could require. If you want a forest of such trees, you have only to break off little bits, and put them in the ground, and your forest is made. So the seedsmen withdrew their prodigy from circulation, and did all they could to suppress it. One of their old men settling in our neighborhood brought a surreptitious snippet with him, and thus this specially favored village got its unique perpetual cabbage.

No doubt a thousand gardeners are chuckling over the same special triumph. We find what is evidently the same vegetable praised in somewhat lower tones in the new book of Mrs. Earle and Miss Case, "Pot-pourri Mixed by Two" (Smith, Elder & Co.). Mrs. Earle found it in a friend's garden on the borders of Berkshire. "It was like a little old cabbage tree with green sprouts all over it. It looks several years old, and I was told it was called 'Cut-and-come-again,' and that it was much grown by cottagers." It is just thrown into an epistolary paragraph which deals also with rhubarb, turf cuttings, tarred roads, motor oil, Lent hellebores, and sea-kale. Lewis Carroll's "Cabbages and kings and whether pigs have wings" was nothing to it, though the steps which link up roadside turf with motor oil on a dog's feet or one's carriage drive are more apparent. And it must be understood that this book is ostensibly

composed of letters between two ladies. There is no room in such a letter for the coldly calculated paragraph, and we may even find now and then that the slender comma takes upon its shoulders the magnificent functions of the full stop.

We have cut before at the tender fare provided by these two excellent gardeners, and we came again to the banquet with an appetite that was not disappointed. Your true gardener does not confine her attention to the raising of flowers and vegetables of mammoth strain and doubtful excellence. Even if that were the end, these are uncommon gardeners, for to read of Miss Case's sunken pathway, with its walls smothered in trailing alpines, or the elaborate recipe for a herbaceous border, beginning with red, and running through brown, orange, yellow, blue, white, blush, strong pink, and crimson, makes the hand itch for the spade and the eye for the achievement. But we also follow these ladies with basket and scissors to cull friendly bunches and armfuls for the hospital, we learn how to make flowers last a long time in water, and, of course, how to make a pot-pourri that shall give us the memory of roses till they come again. We may let the reader have that recipe:—

"Equal parts of fine table salt and powdered borax and one tenth part of powdered cinnamon, mix well, and to every quart of rose leaves give one dessert spoonful of the mixture and mix well once or twice a day, adding dried scented geranium leaves, lemon-scented verbena, lavender, sweet-scented herbs, thyme, etc., adding a little more of the mixture."

It is through the culture of vegetables that we reach the widest realm of consequences in our physical, moral, and religious outlook. The breeder of animals does not rejoice in the contemplation of their killing, cutting-up, and cooking. He resigns them reluctantly to the butcher, against whom he must always hold some sort of grudge for destroying what he has created. Many good men are deterred from the fascinating pursuit by an abhorrence of the treachery involved in tenderly caring for a creature that is all along destined for the knife. The vegetable gardener, on the other hand, can rejoice in his onions and his potatoes, his long-rooted salsify, his crisp celery, artichokes, turnips, not only in the miracle of their growth from seed, but in their clean and wholesome comeliness on the table. There is all the difference in the world between the new gardener and the old herbalist in the matter of courage in advocating his product. The old Adam was content to urge the merits of fennel by way of spice for Fetter Lane sausages. Now, he can at least claim for the vegetable equal importance with meat, and he is scarcely worth his salt if he does not advocate complete vegetarianism.

Our two ladies are vegetarians, and a large part of their extra-horticultural discourse is occupied with recipes for complete dishes prepared from garden products. In their travels they rejoice to find villages whither the doctor never comes, and where the inhabitants live almost entirely on vegetables. In a very charming letter from Mrs. Beck to Mrs. Earle, written in Ceylon, we read:—"You should see the way the English people live out here. The absolute madness of it in these Eastern climates strikes me almost every moment of the day. Especially I pity the poor children, for it robs them of their best chance of keeping well in the heat. If people lived rightly, I believe the sun would help and not hinder them." So, an India with English children in it is one of the incalculable benefits that may flow from a proper belief in one's garden. Another friend, a doctor in London, believes that he could empty half the lunatic asylums by "methods of the simplest, and entirely directed to the stomach." In

Ireland the doctors have declared that the increase in lunacy is mainly caused by "tea and underfeeding."

The point of view is not pushed. It crops up here and there in the *olla podrida* of correspondence, with quotations from the writers' favorite paper, from books recently read, and other happenings. Often it is left for the reader himself to apply it. For example, there is no mention of diet in the discussion of the highly provocative subject of a prison report. It is an aroma of herbs rather than the smell of stews that pervades these random pages, and tempts the reader to generalize upon the effect of gardening on the human soul. Could anyone who had never dug a trench or trained a rose have quite the same placid yet searching thoughts on armaments, the same delight in co-operation, the same faith in the future revelations of truth? The world has generalized about cobblers. They are all supposed to belong to a violent, radical, or socialist school. There are not many cobblers now, but the few there are have the loneliness and the leisure to think, that are almost unique to themselves and gardeners. The cobblers, working upon the skins of beasts and correcting the over-treadings of slovenly walkers (the crooked understandings of people) take the side of reform dourly and savagely. They will keep the world upon its uppers with prickings, with wax and resin, with snobs and hobs, and expedients suited for rough ways. And the world resents their incursion into literature and politics with an admonition expressly invented for that one trade, "Cobbler, keep to your last."

The gardener thinks among gentler scenes. Growth is his method of mending. Far more than the mechanic can he see the truth of Bacon's maxim: "We can but move things together; Nature working within does the rest." And so we would have our thinkers take to the garden. A great leader like Tolstoy has prescribed for every writer some hours a day of "bread work," that is of work that actually produces food. All the great parables of our religion are gardening parables, although the trade nearest to the fingers of its Founder was that of carpenter. The topics discussed by our two lady gardeners, light and varied as they are, show by their selection the pretty flower mind, and by their treatment the clean optimism of the cultivator. Better than that, the dissertations are not too many or too long, and the hungry reader is soon cutting again at the perpetual and inexhaustible subject that is the real reason of the book.

## Short Studies.

### STUDIES OF EXTRAVAGANCE.\*

#### V.—THE ARTIST.

He had long known, of course, that to say the word "bourgeois" with contempt was a little bit old-fashioned, and he did his utmost not to; yet was there a still small voice within him that would whisper: "Thoe people—I want to and I do treat them as my equals. I have even gone so far of late years as to dress like them, to play their games, to eat regularly, to drink little, to love decorously, with many other bourgeois virtues, but in spite of all I remain where I was, an inhabitant of another —" and, just as he thought the whispering voice was going to die away, it would add hurriedly—"and a better world."

It worried him; and he would diligently examine the premises of that small secret conclusion, hoping to find

\* No individual has posed for any of these caricatures.

a flaw in the justness of his conviction that he was superior. But he never did; and for a long time he could not discover why.

For the conduct of the "bourgeois" often struck him as almost superfluously good. They were brave; much braver than he was conscious of being; clean-thinking, oh, far more clean-thinking than a man like himself, necessarily given to visions of all kinds; they were straightforward, almost ridiculously so, as it seemed to one who saw the inside-out of everything almost before he saw the outside-in; they were simple, as touchingly simple as little children, to whom Scriptures and Post-Impressionism had combined to award the crown of wisdom; they were kind and self-denying in a way that often made him feel quite desperately his own selfishness—and yet, they were inferior. It was simply maddening that he could never rid himself of that impression.

It was one November afternoon, while talking with another artist, that the simple reason struck him with extraordinary force and clarity: He could make them, and they could not make him!

It was clearly this which caused him to feel so much like God when they were about. Glad enough, as any man might be, of that discovery, it did not set his mind at rest. He felt that he ought rather to be humbled than elated. And he went to work at once to be so, saying to himself: "I am just, perhaps, a little nearer to the Creative Purpose than the rest of the world—a mere accident, nothing to be proud of; I can't help it, nothing to make a fuss about, though people will!" For it did seem to him sometimes that the whole world was in conspiracy to make him feel superior—as if there were any need! He would have felt much more comfortable if that world had despised him, as it used to in the old days, for then the fire of his conviction could with so much better grace have flared to heaven; there would have been something fine about a superiority leading its own forlorn hope. But this trailing behind the drums and trumpets of a press and public so easily taken in, he felt to be both flat, and a little degrading. True, he had his moments, as when his eyes would light on sentences like this (penned generally by clergymen): "All this talk of Art is idle; what really matters is morals." Then, indeed, his spirit would flame, and after gazing at "is morals" with flashing eye and curling lip, and wondering whether it ought to have been "are morals," he would say to whomsoever might happen to be there: "These bourgeois! What do they know? What can they see?" and without waiting for an answer, would reply: "Nothing! Nothing! Less than nothing!" and mean it. It was at moments such as these that he realized how he not only despised, but almost hated those dense and cocky Philistines who could not see his obvious superiority. He felt that he did not lightly call them by such names, because they really *were* dense and cocky, and no more able to see things from his point of view than they were to jump over the moon. These fellows could see nothing except from their own confounded view-point! They were so stodgy too; and he gravely distrusted anything static. Flux, flux, and once more flux! He knew by intuition that an artist alone had the capacity for concreting the tides of life in forms that were not deleterious to anybody. For Rules and Canons he recognized the necessity with his head (including his tongue), but never with his heart; except, of course, the rules and canons of art. He worshipped these; and when anybody like Tolstoy came along and said "Blow art!" or words to that effect, he hummed like bees caught on a gust of wind. What did it matter whether you had anything to express, so long as you expressed it? That only was "pure aesthetics," as he often said. To place before the public eye something so exquisitely purged of thick and muddy actuality that it might be as perfectly without direct appeal to-day as it would be two thousand years hence, this was an ambition to which in truth he nearly always attained; this only was great art. He would assert with his last breath—which was rather short, for he suffered from indigestion—that one must never concretize anything in terms of ordinary nature. No! one must devise pictures of life

that would be equally unfamiliar to men in A.D. 2520, as they had been in A.D. 1920; and when an inconsiderate person drew his attention to the fact that to the spectator in 2520 the most naturalistic pictures of the life of 1920 would seem quite convincingly fantastic, so that there was no need for him to go out of his way to devise fantasy—he would stare. For he was emphatically not one of those who did not care a button what the form was so long as the spirit of the artist shone clear and potent through the pictures he drew. No, no; he either demanded the poetical, the thing that got off the ground, with the wind in its hair (and he himself would make the wind, rather perfumed); or—if not the poetical—something observed with extreme fidelity and without the smallest touch of that true danger to Art, the temperamental point of view. "No!" he would say, "it's our business to put it down just as it is, to see it, not to feel it. In feeling damnation lies." And nothing gave him greater uneasiness than to find the emotions of anger, scorn, love, reverence, or pity surging within him as he worked, for he knew that they would, if he did not at once master them, spoil a certain splendid vacuity that he demanded of all Art. In painting, Rafael, Tintoretto, and Holbein pleased him greatly; in fiction, "*Salammbo*" was his model, for, as he very justly said, you could supply to it what soul you liked—there being no inconvenient soul already in possession.

As can be well imagined, his conviction of being, in a small way, God, permeated an outlook that was passionless and impartial to a degree—except perhaps towards the bourgeoisie, with their tiring morals, and peculiar habits. If he had a weakness, it was his paramount desire to suppress in himself any symptoms of temperament, except just that temperament of having no temperament, which seemed to him the only one permissible to an artist, who, as he said, was nothing if not simply either a recorder, or a weaver of beautiful lines in the air.

Record and design, statement and decoration—these, in combination, constituted creation! It was to him a certain source of pleasure that he had discovered this. Not that he was, of course, neglectful of sensations, but he was perfectly careful not to *feel* them—in order that he might be able to record them, or use them for his weaving in a purely aesthetic manner. The moment they impinged on his spirit, and sent the blood to his head, he reined in, and began tracing lines in the air, a practice that never failed him.

It was his deliberate opinion that a work of art quite as great as the "*Bacchus and Ariadne*" could be made out of a kettle singing on a hob. You had merely to record it with beautiful lines and color; and what—in parenthesis—could lend itself more readily to beautiful treatment of lines woven in the air than steam rising from a spout? It was a subject, too, which in its very essence almost precluded temperamental treatment, so that this abiding temptation was removed from the creator. It could be transferred to canvas with a sort of immortal blandness; black, singing, beautiful. All that cant, such as: "The greater the artist's spirit, the greater the subject he will treat, and the greater achievement attain, technique being equal," was to him beneath contempt. The spirit did not matter, because one must not intrude it; and, since one must not intrude it, the more unpretentious the subject, the less temptation one had to diverge from impersonality, that first principle of Art. Oranges on a dish was probably the finest subject one could meet with; unless one chanced to dislike oranges. As for what people called "criticism of life," he maintained that such was only permissible when the criticism was so sunk into the very fibre of a work as to be imperceptible to the most searching eye. When this was achieved he thought it extremely valuable. Anything else was simply the work of the moralist, of the man who took sides, and used his powers of expression to embody a temperamental and therefore an obviously one-sided view of his subject; and however high those powers of expression might be, he could not admit that this was in any sense real art. He could never forgive Leonardo da

Vinci, because, he said, "the fellow was always trying to put the scientific side of himself into his confounded paintings, and not just content to render faithfully in terms of decoration"; nor could he ever condone Euripides for letting his philosophy tincture all his plays. And if it were advanced that the first was the greatest painter, and the latter the greatest dramatist the world had ever seen, he would say: "That may be, but they weren't artists, of course."

He was fond of the words "of course"; they gave the impression that he could not be startled, as was right and proper for a man occupying his post, a little nearer to the Creative Purpose than those others. As mark of that position, he always permitted himself just one eccentricity, changing it every year, his mind being subtle, not like those of certain politicians or millionaires, content to wear orchids, or drive zebras all their lives. Anon, it would be a little pointed beard and no hair to speak of; next year no beard, and wings; the year after, a pair of pince-nez with alabaster rims, very cunning; once more anon a little pointed beard. In these ways he singled himself out just enough, no more; for he was no *poseur*, believing in his own place in the scheme of things too deeply.

His views on matters of the day varied, of course, with the views of those he talked to, since it was his privilege always to see, either the other side, or something so much more subtle on the same side, as made that side the other.

But all topical thought and emotion was beside the point for one who lived in his work; who lived to receive impressions and render them again so faithfully that you could not tell he had ever received them. His was—as he sometimes felt—a rare and precious personality.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## Music.

### A NOTE ON "BORIS GODOUNOV."

THE London public has not yet been able to take its true bearings with regard to Moussorgsky, but it seems a little nearer doing so than it was last year. There was every excuse for both the public and the majority of the critics erring somewhat on the side of enthusiasm in Sir Joseph Beecham's first Russian season. The music of works like "*Boris Godounov*" had the charm of freshness for ears that were becoming a little sated with German and Germanized music; the stories lay quite off the beaten track either of romantic or realistic opera; the staging was new and wonderfully beautiful and interesting; and above all there was Chaliapine to confuse everyone's judgment, —an actor without his equal in the operatic experience of any of us. The conduct of the audience at each of the performances in which he is appearing this season is pretty clear proof that he counts for at least as much as the composer; and as Moussorgsky's work as a whole is not known, perhaps, to more than half-a-dozen people in all England, it is not surprising that the majority should fail to distinguish between the composer and his interpreter. It is a pity we cannot have in music what the scientists call control experiments,—the repetition of the same phenomenon with some important causal element included or omitted. Could our audiences see Chaliapine in a frankly third-rate opera, they would, I fancy, estimate the work at more than its true value; and could they see "*Boris Godounov*" with another Czar than Chaliapine, they would view the opera with clearer eyes, and bathe something of their enthusiasm for it.

This abstraction of Chaliapine from the experiment is the first condition of our seeing Moussorgsky as he really is. We cannot get rid of the great actor on the stage, but we can dispense with him in the study: there at least we can see Moussorgsky in his own flesh and his own clothes. And so seen, I am bound to say that, to me at any rate, he appears a much smaller figure than he is in

the eyes even of thoroughly competent and instructed admirers of him like M. Calvocoressi, whose book on him is the best study we have of the subject. We have to brush aside, to begin with, all the quaint chatter that is now going the round of the English press as to the "national" significance of operas like "Boris Godounov" and "Prince Igor." They are "national," as all such products are, only to foreigners and to a few quixotic reasoners in the land of their birth. Mr. Rutland Boughton's attempts to found a "national" opera in England by building on the Arthurian legends are a proof of how meaningless the term really is. The nation as a whole has no common consciousness whatever with the Arthurian world; personally I find Arthur and Guenevere much less interesting than Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. "Boris Godounov" is no more a "national" opera than an opera on the subject of Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh would be: it is simply an historical subject treated in music, and it is by the music of it that it will have to stand or fall.

Now I make bold to say that Moussorgsky was never more than half a musician in the sense in which we apply that word to composers like Wagner and Strauss, or even Gluck and Weber. To the end he was simply a gifted amateur, an inspired child. I am willing to admit the gifts and the inspiration if his admirers are willing to admit the amateurishness. I am not crying out, as was done in the early days of "Boris Godounov," against the so-called harmonic audacities of the score. One does not know, of course, what alterations Rimsky-Korsakoff has made in it; but certainly there is not a bar in it now that could raise a single hair on the eyebrow of any academic. When I call Moussorgsky an amateur I do not so much mean that he had a most imperfect training in school technique as that he never had it in him to make for himself a thorough technique of his own. I am no advocate of conservatoire teaching as a whole: the best one can say for it is that it cannot hurt a really strong man. But every composer who is worth his salt has to make his own technique; and if he has the root of the matter in him he will do it with only six months of school training, as Wagner did, or with no school training at all, as Elgar has done. It may be asked, however, whether a native genius like Moussorgsky's cannot make an effect with the barest minimum of technique. Of course it can: but it would make infinitely more numerous and more searching effects with an adequate technique. For the value of technique in music is that it not only makes the expression of the idea of the moment easy but makes new ideas possible. Not merely does thought shape speech, but a perfected faculty of speech is a stimulus to thought. In music this technique is particularly necessary because of the quasi-architectural form that all music of any length has to depend upon: that is to say, even in vocal music—prose music like that of Wagner and Strauss, that has none of the conventional formality of the music of pure pattern—half our pleasure must come from repetitions and returns of themes, with their consequent suggestion of order and symmetry, and from the perpetual putting forth of new shoots and flowers by the main idea. Technique of the right kind makes this shooting and flowering possible: it is this that makes a piece of great music still full of surprises for us after a hundred hearings: it is the lack of this that keeps the amateur within his narrow circle of ideas.

I know what will be said in reply to this—that I am blaming Moussorgsky for not writing "symphonic" opera in the Wagnerian style, when the declared object of him and his school was to reject that style. What they aimed at was simple musical truth—the faithful vocal transcription of the emotion of a character, without any distracting emotional commentary in the orchestra. "Development," as one of them said—I think it was Moussorgsky—was merely an instrument invented by the Germans for their own purposes. To that the only answer is that common sense and history alike prove it to be nothing of the kind. If a composer is to talk connectedly to us for an hour, he must give his music some sort of coherence, and the only device yet discovered for doing this is thematic development. It is not that it is a German instrument, only suited to

German music, but simply that the Germans hit upon it first. The sense of scrappiness and intellectual littleness that so much of the charming French music of our day gives us is due to the composers being too good patriots to use a "German" instrument even when it is the only thing of its kind that will serve. A blunt critic of the Russian "nationalist" group of the 'sixties would say that they despised the German technique only because they were incapable of acquiring it. They remained Russians, and in consequence wrote works that were merely collections of fragments, like "Boris Godounov"; as soon as a composer aimed at working out big schemes, as Tchaikovski did, he necessarily became "German"; while the really significant Russian musicians of to-day have quietly shelved all the dogmas of their "nationalist" forerunners—there being literally not a single "Russian" trait in Scriabine, while the technique of Rachmaninoff and Medtner is as "German" as that of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Composers of the Moussorgsky order must do one thing or another—either freely admit "symphonic development" or wholly exclude it. Moussorgsky does neither consistently: he frowns on thematic manipulation in theory and coquets with it in practice, handling it, however, very amateurishly. His prelude to "Boris Godounov," for instance, is an attempt at "working-out": but it is an attempt worthy only of a first-year student. He uses quasi-Wagnerian leit-motives, but uses them with monotonous literal reiteration: now and then he tries to vary them, but again with an amateurish lack of resource. And so, when one knows his work well, its technical thinness gives an impression of intellectual poverty. Time has fully confirmed everything that Tchaikovski, who knew the members of this group well, said of them in a letter to Frau von Meck of 1878: "The young Petersburg composers are very gifted, but they are all impregnated with the most horrible presumptuousness and a purely amateur conviction of their superiority to all other musicians in the universe." Moussorgsky's "gifts" are perhaps the most remarkable of all; but his nature is narrow and he has no aspiration towards self-perfection. He has been too easily led away by the absurd theories of his set and the belief in his own genius. He plays with his lack of polish—and even seems proud of his want of skill, writing just as it comes to him, believing blindly in the infallibility of his genius. As a matter of fact his very original talent flashes forth now and again." His amateurishness is patent to every student of his music, and is easily demonstrable from his scores: while his utter failure to see his own picture steadily and see it whole, and to cast it into a logical and coherent form, is shown by the fact that whole scenes can be and are cut out of "Boris," and others are transposed in performance, without giving us the sense that an organic unity has been tampered with. (I say nothing here of the further fact that a good deal of "Boris" is adapted from an earlier work, "Salambô," except that it is difficult to reconcile this with the theory of simple musico-dramatic truth and direct realism in opera).

But if Moussorgsky was an amateur, he was an amateur with moments of genius. When he was not out of his depth—when, that is to say, he had a picture to paint in which simple feeling and observation counted for more than technical elaboration—he could be extraordinarily poignant, as in the "Boris" choruses and in the strangely pathetic song of the idiot, that cuts through us like some sad, simple page of Dostoevsky or Gorky. And now and then his very amateurishness helped him: he had the amateur's unconstrained way of saying just what came into his head and just as it came there: and he had the amateur's luck in many of his ventures. So it comes about that his untrained genius hit upon a number of what were, for his time, harmonic innovations, and found new accents and a new naturalness for certain dramatic emotions; and it is in virtue of these that the better part of his music interests us. But whether they are sufficient to atone for all time for his general shaplessness and thinness of tissue we may have our doubts.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE CRISIS IN LABOR STATESMANSHIP.

A WORKING alliance between the Miners' Federation, the National Union of Railwaymen, and the Transport Workers' Federation is, on paper, a combination of remarkable power and significance. These three unions added together have a strength of something not far short of a million and a-half of men. They control between them the most essential of all the services, and if they can co-operate with absolute agreement they can obviously wield an enormous pressure. All the most important of the industrial quarrels of the last few years have concerned one or other of the bodies represented in this scheme. The Railwaymen had their great strike in 1911, the Miners theirs in 1912, and the Transport Workers gained the most satisfactory triumphs one year and suffered a most unhappy defeat in another. They have all been in the smoke of battle, and they have all of them their grievances against the results of the peace that ended their several struggles.

This is one aspect of the working alliance, but there is another. The merest survey of the human elements behind these figures brings home the great complexity and delicacy of the work of modern trade-union leaders. Our conservatives, applying a simplifying psychology, have always tended to think too lightly of the difficulties of the Labor movement. They have been apt to picture society as a finished and elaborate structure which might be dashed to pieces by the revolt of the working classes, and to argue that their true policy consisted in depriving those classes so far as they could of a power that could be directed so easily and so quickly. They scarcely allowed for the obstacles in the way of efficient labor organization. The history of the last century has been the history of the gradual progress of the spirit of co-operation and discipline in a world where circumstances encouraged individual selfishness and apathy. But the very progress that has been made has increased the problems of organization and leadership. Trade unions are older in England than anywhere else, but they are also more complex. The abstraction of the labor man is, indeed, as false and misleading as the old abstraction of the economic man. From time to time a storm of class-consciousness sweeps over the working classes. So early as 1829 there was an outburst of class-spirit in the National Association for the Protection of Labor, representing the higher vision of a world that had been governed in the temper of Peterloo. To-day that spirit is, of course, stronger, infinitely more educated, and less fugitive and spasmodic. In certain crises it is all-powerful. But when we examine, not the indispensable rhetoric of politics and warfare, but the actual problems that occupy the leaders of trade-union thought and policy, we come on the trade-unionist not as a Labor man, but as an engineer, or a miner, or an unskilled laborer, a man with special interests and claims. We put our finger on a man here who might be in any one of half-a-dozen unions, and we take a union there and find that it might follow any one of half-a-dozen principles of organization. The common interest is conceived quite differently in different cases. Here it is the common employer; there the common district; there the common trade. All these different principles produce vested interests, sometimes competing interests. Thus the trade-union leaders, who come into the public view as the diplomats or the generals of great labor forces, have to settle and compose a hundred very troublesome and awkward details of domestic organization.

Similarly, warfare on the grand scale brings its own problems. We can divine some of these problems as soon as we begin to think of the actual classes represented in the three great organizations that are concerting for joint action; the wide differences of wages, status, resources, and reserve force that distinguish one set of workers from another. Some of these difficulties have been reflected already in the programme of the National Union of Railwaymen. Are you to demand a similar increase for all classes of workers as the only way of inducing the better paid to support the worst paid? The

disadvantages are obvious, for such a course assumes that the pay of all classes is relatively just, whereas there is no reason to suppose that because a man earning 20s. a week ought to be paid 25s. a week, another man who earns 35s. a week ought also to be paid exactly 5s. more. The spirit of comradeship in the working classes has been attested in numberless strikes, and it is one of the finest qualities in English life. It is less explosive than in Latin countries, and it is unlikely that we should see such a dramatic demonstration as that given to-day by the working classes in Italy. Something must be attributed to temperament; something perhaps to the influence of conscription. But the generosity and mutual loyalty of the English working classes are a great and conspicuous feature of English history. Yet it is no reflection on that spirit to point out that the difficulties of carrying through a successful organization of the kind now in contemplation are great enough to tax the resources of the ablest leadership, and, if they are successfully overcome, Englishmen, though they will differ about the results, may all be proud of the achievement.

It takes a great general to mobilize such forces with effect, to seize the right moment for action, and the right moment for treaty, and to command the confidence of his army both in making war and in making a peace which can never satisfy all the expectations raised. It takes a great diplomatist to conduct negotiations for such a body, to reconcile interests to the necessary compromises, to understand the limits of its power, and to convince others of those limits. It takes a great administrator to manage the affairs of a modern trade union. It takes a great thinker to master the play and forces of the larger problem of the working world. It takes a great politician to give effect and expression to their aims in Parliament and the country. As combatants, the trade unions are dealing with industrial forces that can organize themselves for the purposes of war with as thorough and trained a staff as the staff of a Government department. If at present the labor world presents a disappointing spectacle to those who had based great hopes on the awakening that began ten years ago, the reason is not that leaders have betrayed their followers, but that that world has not yet produced the leaders or the staff equal to its stupendous problems. The working classes have suffered from two great causes of weakness. Education has been dribbled out to them as if it were as dangerous as alcohol, and men of special talent and ability have been apt to disappear into the middle class. Social legislation takes off a certain number of those experienced men who are wanted for official work. The best hope for the future lies in such a movement as the Workers' Educational Association, which ought to strengthen the trade unions in two ways. In the first place, it will produce groups of educated men and women; in the second place, those men and women, from the circumstances and spirit of their education, will find their most interesting and attractive career in working-class movements, and not outside them.

H.

## Letters to the Editor.

### HOW TO CONSTITUTE A SECOND CHAMBER.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR.—While the discussion of the reconstitution of the Second Chamber is most opportune, resort to the discredited method of indirect election is surely not a very hopeful line.

Liberals must reconsider their conception of a relatively impotent Second Chamber with functions limited to reconsideration, revision, and delay, obviously incapable of attracting and interesting the brightest intellects and more potent personalities of political life.

The simpler course, and one which will appeal equally to both parties, is to substitute for the House of Lords a truly Imperial Senate, wholly elective, dealing with all strictly Imperial and general business, elected by six-member constituencies on lines of proportional representation, for

[June 13, 1914.]

definite terms of eight years, one half retiring each four years. This would leave all English domestic business to be dealt with by the present House of Commons, restricted to the representatives of English constituencies, while Irish, Scottish, and Welsh domestic business would be simultaneously disposed of by the respective domestic Legislatures of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. In this manner the insoluble difficulty of the presence of representatives of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales voting upon the domestic affairs of England would be avoided.

Whatever degree of supervision the several national Legislatures may be considered to require might, naturally and equitably, be vested in an Imperial Senate so constituted.

In addition to the Irish, Scottish, and Welsh Executives, it is obvious that both an Imperial and an English Ministry would come into existence, not always necessarily of the same party color; but it really is too preposterous that Imperial issues of the gravest moment should constantly hinge upon, and be decided by, say, some disconcerting detail of the Insurance Act, or the squalid electoral squabbles of Labor and more conventional Liberalism.

The ominous growth of expenditure and revenue painfully demonstrates the utter incapacity of the House of Commons to exert any effective supervision and control over the national finances. In devolution alone is any practicable solution to be found—England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales might separately deal competently with their respective domestic expenditures—national and local, while to the Senate would fall the supervision of the Services and the raising of all revenues required for Imperial purposes.

It is, surely, on the lines of a comprehensive constitutional settlement, devolving domestic business upon national legislatures, and terminating the present provisional position of the Second Chamber, is to be found release from the present *impasse* rather than in the unhopeful “blind alley” of the exclusion of Ulster.—Yours, &c.,

EDW. T. JOHN.

Llanidan Hall, Llanfair R.O., Anglesey.

June 11th, 1914.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In the article in last week's issue under the above title, THE NATION makes the suggestion that the members of the House of Commons should elect the Second Chamber by a proportional system “in two batches, so as to reflect in proper degrees the composition of two elected Parliaments instead of one,” and adds that “this is the system proposed by the Proportional Representation Society.”

Will you kindly permit me to say that the Proportional Representation Society as such does not take sides as to whether the new Second Chamber should be elected directly or indirectly, some of its members supporting direct, others indirect election? But the Society has gladly placed its experience at the disposal of all those engaged in framing plans. All its members, including those who advocate the scheme outlined by THE NATION, urge that the House of Commons itself should be elected by the proportional system, and it is evident that the proposal to elect the new Second Chamber by members of the House of Commons would carry more weight were the latter House chosen in such a way as to make it fairly and fully representative of the electorate. It is equally clear, if proportional representation is rejected for the House of Commons, that the demand for the direct election of the Upper House by a proportional system will be materially strengthened.

May I recall in this connection the comment of THE NATION on the Report of the Royal Commission on Electoral Methods: “Perhaps the most pregnant sentence in this whole report is that in which the Commission suggests that proportional representation might be a suitable basis for an elective Senate. We have our liberty of choice, and democracy may find its account in either alternative. We may prefer to retain an imperfectly representative Lower House. But if we place above it a really representative Senate, the whole balance of the Constitution might be altered, and the Senate become the more venerable, the more democratic, and, in the end, the more powerful

Chamber. We may, on the other hand, reform the House of Commons, and render any Senate superfluous. In either event, proportional representation may become the ultimate key to our constitutional problem.”—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS, Secretary,  
The Proportional Representation Society.  
179, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
June 10th, 1914.

## THE COST OF SEPARATION TO BELFAST.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In considering the question of the exclusion of Ulster, or any part of the Northern Province, from the jurisdiction and purview of the Irish Parliament, the advocates of the policy of partition do not seem to realize fully what commercially that settlement would be likely to cost. Industrially and commercially, Belfast has much to lose and nothing to gain by separating itself from the rest of Ireland. At present, its merchants and business houses are doing a large and increasing trade with the West and South, and in many—if not most—parts for the one Dublin traveller on the road are to be found two Belfast men. Take tea and sugar, and you will find three-fifths of the business in those lucrative lines done by the Belfast houses. If by any order or organization, by any understanding whatsoever, the merchants in the Southern Provinces ceased to deal with Belfast, a vast volume of expanding trade would be interrupted, if not stopped, and if Belfast, by a plebiscite, declared itself unwilling to have any truck, *legislatively*, with the rest of Ireland, the rest of Ireland cannot be blamed for refusing to have any truck, *commercially*, with Belfast. It can send its orders to Dublin or Glasgow, or anywhere else it likes. Take the sugar item alone, and we see the creditable development of the trade in the Belfast port in the last two years we have returns for—namely, 1911 and 1912. In 1911 there were 35,952 tons of sugar imported into the port of Belfast, and in 1912 there were 37,107 tons, an increase of 1,155 tons, and I believe the returns for 1913 and 1914 will show a still further expansion, as the disastrous strike in Dublin directed a lot of its trade to the northern port. In tea, in the two years 1911-12, there were 4,426 tons as against 4,688 tons, or an increase of 262 tons. Petroleum and paraffin increased from 29,595 in 1911 to 40,150 in 1912, or an increase of 20,555 tons. Flour in the same period increased from 95,455 to 97,347 tons. In paper, Belfast imported 15,376 tons in 1911, as against 16,727 tons in 1912, or an increase of 1,351. This has grown largely since. The imports of whiskey made by the many prosperous distilleries and blenders in Belfast ran from 23,123 tons in 1911 to 24,187 tons in 1912; but as this only refers to its oversea trade, it in no way represents what a great deal was sent to and consumed in Ireland outside the North, for in the South a large proportion of the whiskey sold is of the various northern brands. All these imports of tea, sugar, &c., are largely distributed in districts and towns outside of Ulster, and if these places select another port than it, Belfast must suffer by the change most materially.

Take the Ulster banking companies, now doing a most thriving business outside that province, largely in the West, as deposit receiving agencies. I give one example—that of the Ulster Bank Co. It has numerous branches in Dublin, the West, and outside of Ulster. It has four branches in Dublin alone, as against only five in Belfast. It has branches in Cork, Athenry, Ballina, Ballinrobe, Ballyhaunis, Ballymote, Belmullett, Blackrock, Castlerea, Kilkenny, Kings-town, Limerick, Longford, Manor Hamilton, Mullingar, Naas, Sligo, Tuam, Tullamore, Waterford, Westport, and Wexford; and sub-agencies at Ballinlough, Ballycastle, Ballynacarry, Bangor Erris, Blacklion, Blessington, Castle-bellingham, Celbridge, Clara, Clonmellon, Cooeoney, Delvin, Dunlarin, Drumdearan, Dromohair, Dunleer, Dunsbaughlin, Easky, Edgeworthstown, Enfield, Enniscorthy, Farnahappy, Ferbane, Frenchpark, Freshford, Glenamaddy Grange, Johnstownbridge, Kilcock, Kilderrin, Killala, Killucan, Kilmacthomas, Kiltclogher, Lomburgh, Newport, Rathangan, Riverstown, Slane, Summerhill, Thomastown, Tullinaldy, and Williamstown. All these branches and sub-agencies are outside of Ulster, and if the Belfast and Ulster Orangemen elect to hold out from any legislative co-operation

tion with the South (as distinguished generally from the North), they cannot expect the provinces so repudiated by it to refrain from carrying out the policy of partition on their side.

From these facts and figures it will be seen how closely Belfast and the North depend on the rest of Ireland. I mentioned several important articles for which Belfast makes itself the centre of distribution. I could enlarge on the list, not to speak of linens and woollens, biscuits, paper (the only newspaper mill is in the North, and does a large trade outside the province); but I think I have particularized enough to show that, in point of pounds, shillings, and pence, Belfast and its trade (which the West and South have helped to build up, and which they take a pride in) will appreciably suffer if we in the other provinces set about adopting on our side the policy of proscription, and separate ourselves from them in the business of commerce and trade as they in the matter of legislation.—Yours, &c.,

R. J. KELLY.

45, Wellington Road, Dublin.  
June 8th, 1914.

#### IS THE LABOR PARTY A SUFFRAGE PARTY?

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Thieme, kindly allow me to say that I did not speak without knowledge when I said that the Labor Party was definitely, and, as a party, pledged to the enfranchisement of women, or, in other words, "the Labor machine is for Suffrage." The Chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., said last summer, in reply to a deputation: "So far as the Labor Party is concerned, you can depend upon it being absolutely solid in your favor. . . . The Labor Party is a Women's Suffrage Party." If additional proof is needed, I may mention that in 1913 and 1914 the annual Congress of the National Labor Party adopted resolutions, on the second occasion with practical unanimity, instructing their parliamentary members to vote against any further extension of the suffrage to men unless it also included women.

This seems to me to settle the question that the Labor machine is for women's suffrage. It is a little difficult to follow Mr. Thieme's remarks about the Trade Union Congress. The Trade Union Congress is not a party organization. Delegates to the Congress must be members of a trade union, and must be elected by their own union to serve as its delegates; but no party pledge is required of them, although most of the affiliated trade unions are also affiliated to the National Labor Party. Women's trade unions which are affiliated to the Trade Union Congress send delegates there on exactly the same terms as the men's trade unions. Some trade unions admit both men and women as members, and in these the women elect delegates, and are themselves eligible for election, on the same terms as men.

At the last Trade Union Congress, held at Manchester last September, the following resolution was adopted, with only six dissentients:

"That this Congress expresses its deep dissatisfaction with the Government's treatment of the Franchise question, considering that the Plural Voting Bill is no substitute for the promised Reform Bill; and, further, this Congress protests against the Prime Minister's failure to redeem his repeated pledges to women, and calls upon the Parliamentary Committee to press for the immediate enactment of a Government Reform Bill, which must include the enfranchisement of women."

—Yours, &c.,

MILICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

June 9th, 1914.

#### THE TRAMP'S LOT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of June 6th, by "Curé de Campagne," on the sad lot of an individual tramp. The writer surely lives in an unfortunate neighborhood, as he tells us, referring to tramps, that he "sees literally every day droves of captives led off by the police, shackled together in threes." I wish that he had given actual numbers instead of "droves."

The lot of the tramp varies much between one union and

another, and Boards of Guardians can do much to improve the lot for the *bond-fide* working man. As for the amount of work expected from a vagrant in the casual ward for a full day, is the writer of the article aware that the amount of the task—ten cwt. that he mentions—is not half what an ordinary stone-breaker gets through on piece-work in one day?

The question of vagrancy and how to deal with it is difficult; there is much to be desired, and the conditions in all unions should be uniform. May I suggest to the writer and any of your readers that great service can be rendered if more of those who are interested in the welfare of vagrants would offer their services as Guardians of the Poor in their parishes? It will be harder work, but of more value than even to call a tramp a "poor devil" and hand him a florin, which is the only suggestion that the Curé has to offer.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE ROWNTREE.

Scarborough, June 8th, 1914.

#### *To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As one who has had some years' experience as a guardian under the Poor Law in a large and populous area, I have been much interested in the reflections of "Curé de Campagne," contained in his article in this week's issue of THE NATION.

It will be, I suppose, generally admitted by those who have considered the matter, that the greatest problem which exercises the minds of those who administer our Poor Law, is the proper discrimination between the deserving and the undeserving poor. Boards of Guardians are, it is true, composed of members of the respectable classes, and they are largely composed of those who, although called upon themselves to maintain a strenuous and uphill struggle for the retention of their position among the respectable classes, yet feel it is their duty to lend a helping hand to those of their unfortunate brethren who fall by the wayside on the same rough road. As a whole, Boards of Guardians are conscientious and sympathetic in the discharge of their duties, and they feel that the system which requires that honest and respectable, though able-bodied poor, through no fault of their own, shall be herded with the half feeble-minded, the drunken degenerate unemployable, whose existence often alternates between the workhouse and the gaol, leaves much to be desired.

And if the problem of discriminating between the deserving and the undeserving poor is a difficult one, the most difficult phase of the problem is that of the casual. It is true, as any workhouse porter knows, that a large number of those who nightly fill the casual ward are wayfarers genuinely seeking honest means of earning sustenance for themselves and their dependents, or are genuinely incapable of doing so, even if they would. But it is also true that many are those outcasts of society, the drones in the busy hive, who seek to live in sloth upon the efforts of their fellow creatures, and who deserve neither sympathy nor support. Poor Law authorities, aided by trained and intelligent officers, may obtain reliable records of the life and character of most of those who seek their assistance for more or less lengthy periods, and they may, and do, discriminate in their treatment of them, so far as is consistent with the regulations which the governing body in the State has, in its wisdom, enacted for the good of the majority, and consistent also with the rightful claims of those who are called upon to pay the cost. But indiscriminately to improve the conditions under which all casuals may obtain food and lodging would be to improve the lot of the honest wayfarer at the cost of encouraging the vagabond and "sturdy beggar," and thereby to produce a greater evil. Our forefathers knew the evil too well, and sought to mitigate it, and the crude and brutal methods to which "Curé de Campagne" refers were the comprehensive, though ineffective, methods which they adopted. The enlightenment of latter days has led us to adopt a middle course, which all admit is far from an ideal one. It may be that the development of unemployment insurance and registration of unemployed will go far to help to solve the problem in the future, but until there can be found some reliable means of discriminating between those who have a right to seek their brethren's aid in the time of their need, and those who should suffer the penalty of their own misfeasance or

nonfeasance, the needs of the deserving minority must be sacrificed for the good of the majority who would suffer by the evil of subsidized vagabondage.—Yours, &c.,

EWART C. BARTLETT.

51, Old Steyne, Brighton.  
June 6th, 1914.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is not everywhere that the lot of the tramp is as dismal as "Curé de Campagne" describes it. During a stay in Winchelsea, our landlady told us that most of the tramps to be met with on the neighboring roads were familiar figures to the inhabitants, and were in the habit of calling on certain days in the week at houses like her own, where broken meats were always put aside for them. These tramps had a regular beat between Rye, Winchelsea, and Hastings, generally putting in a week-end at the nearest union.

The following tramp incident may interest your readers, although, I am afraid, it differs from common experience:—

A ragged youth called one day at a house a few doors from where I am writing, and begged for an old pair of boots. The mistress chanced to have these to spare, and, liking the look of him, gave them to him. He called again on several occasions, always asking for food or other old garments, and in each case he was given what he asked for. Then his visits suddenly ceased.

One evening, a year or two later, when the family was at dinner, there was a knock at the door, and a smart young soldier was admitted, in whom they at first failed to recognize the beggar they had befriended. He told them that the clothes they had given him had made it possible for him to obtain a decent job. Later, he had enlisted, and was now a temperance man, and was putting money by. He came that evening to express his gratitude, above all for the sympathy which had given him courage to wrestle with ill-luck, and to prevail.—Yours, &c.,

K. S.

47, Rowan Road, Brook Green.  
June 10th, 1914.

#### EPIRUS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I agree with Miss Durham that dislike of the Greeks is not confined to Moslems, and she had better have added that it is shared in an equal degree by the Catholics, whose advocate she is, for it is the Greeks who alone stand in the way of the missionary efforts of the latter amongst the Moslems in the hope of obtaining that complete religious and political ascendancy the Catholics are ever aiming at in the Near East.

My active interest in Greek national affairs carries me back to a period so long ago that I am confident Miss Durham would not wish to enter into competition in this respect. All the same, late or early, it is facts that matter and not words. Thus I am obliged to remind Miss Durham that it was the Greeks who conquered the Turks in war, and seized and held Epirus as part of the spoils of war. The question of Albania and the Albanians was not raised, and it was not until the Powers in their attempt to heal certain internal jealousies, and for their own comfort, bethought them of erecting a kingdom out of a mass of tribes of many faiths and more dialects; and to provide some money to keep up the semblance of a Court, they enforced the evacuation of Northern Epirus by Greek troops and its inclusion within the new Albania. Although the Greek Government bowed before *force majeure*, the Greek Epirotes rebelled, and there were sufficient of them to paralyze the new King and also the efforts of the Powers. Peace only was established by the granting of certain privileges that had been demanded by M. Zographos on their behalf. Had the Powers chosen to leave the conquered territory in the hands of its conquerors, it would be interesting to learn what view this lady would have taken of the situation.

Miss Durham, last January, in replying to a letter of mine in your paper, in which I gave the Greek form, Koritza, to the town throughout, in her letter spelled the name Kortcha, without explaining that she referred to the same place, and this caused some confusion. The other day, in her letter she adopts the form I used, Koritza, and it gave me the opportunity of expressing the hope that it

augured in her a better feeling towards the Greeks. It apparently has had the reverse effect, which is to be regretted.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

Blundellsands, June 7th, 1914.

#### THE MALIGNED "JUGENATH."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In her letter which appeared in last week's issue of THE NATION, Mrs. Besant deplores ignorance about India, and mentions "the Juggernaut Car." One meets with "Juggernaut" or his car almost daily in current journalistic literature; "Juggernaut" conceived as a cruel, blood-thirsty God of Hindus, who loves human victims who fling themselves under the wheels of his terrible car—which, apparently, is always on the move—and takes them to bliss. The "Juggernaut Car" of the Hindus—the *ne plus ultra* of all that is ruthless, inflexible, sanguinary, without compassion, the extreme of all that is brutal and uncompromising.

Now, why does Mrs. Besant, of all people, who lectures Hindus in India on their own religion, speak of "the Juggernaut Car" in this, the ordinary way? It is really high time this absurd shibboleth was swept out of our language. In the first place, there is not, and never was, a Hindu god called "Juggernaut." It seems to be the case that missionary stories have their share of responsibility for the name as well as the character of this dreadful being—for who has not seen illustrations of frenzied heathen flinging themselves in the path of his huge and awful car? While there is no "Juggernaut," there is a Jaganāth (phonetically Jugenath, "a" as in "bath"), and his image is borne on a car during the annual festival in his honor; so it would be fair to speak of Jaganāth's car. Jaganāth, the Lord of the World, is truly a god of mercy; no living thing may be slain anywhere near his shrine—on the Orissa Coast, about 150 miles southward from the mouth of the Ganges, at a place called Puri; he accepts no immolated victims, human or sub-human. The offerings which alone may be offered and accepted are flowers. Money may, of course, be given to the Temple, but the offerings of the pilgrims from all over India are flowers. His car which, by the way, when compared with the cars to be seen at certain festival centres in South India, is just a toy-cart, never goes over devotees, unless, perchance, they get under it accidentally, as people sometimes get under a train. Cars of the kind, large and small, are always dragged by men, sometimes, in South India, by thousands at a time, and, in spite of all possible care, accidents occur sometimes; but it is not the case that persons who are thus run over are *willing* victims. Not at all. They are, unfortunately, caught by the wheels. But there is no prospect of eternal bliss for them on that account. The Romans were familiar with this part of the coast, but I am afraid it is not from them we derive the slanderous conception about "Juggernaut" and his car.—Yours, &c.,

F. FAWCETT.

Penn, Bucks, June 5th, 1914.

#### GENIUS AND PAINSTAKING.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—A puzzling sentence appears in your article "The Touch of Infinity"—thus: "Thence comes the mistake in the definition that Carlyle was fond of quoting (he borrowed it, we believe, rather strangely, from Bulwer Lytton)—'genius is the infinite or transcendent capacity for taking pains.'" Will the writer of the article tell us how Carlyle could have been fond of quoting, or could have said or quoted even once, a definition that is the direct and complete negation of all that he ever thought and said about genius? To Carlyle genius was "a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of original insight." It belonged to "the great man, with his free force direct out of God's hand." This, in Carlyle's conception, was genius, and nothing else was or could be. As for Bulwer-Lytton, if the saying about genius and painstaking is his, it is just the sort of foolish thing that would be. Carlyle, in any case, can never have quoted Bulwer-Lytton, except in rollicking scorn—as in the chapter

on "Pelham" and the dandiaca soul in "Sartor Resartus."  
—Yours, &c.,

S. K. R.

National Liberal Club, June 10th, 1914.

[If "S. K. R." would turn up Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," Vol. I., p. 288 (small brown edition), he would find the words "genius (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all)." The idea is expanded at some length in Vol. II., p. 138—e.g., "Do faithfully the ugly commanded work. Know that genius, everywhere in Nature, means that first of all." My impression is that Carlyle frequently repeated the definition in his works and letters. Probably he did not remember that Bulwer Lytton invented it, but a great authority on English literature told me so. Having known the "Sartor" almost by heart from boyhood, I was not ignorant of Carlyle's scorn for Lytton, and that was why I called the borrowing rather strange.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

#### MR. GARVICE AND THE AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Garvice's book, "The Woman's Way," you state: "Mr. Garvice, President of the Authors' Society." Mr. Garvice is a member of the Committee of Management, but is not the President of the Society. Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., is the President of the Society, and Mr. H. Hesketh Prichard is the Chairman of the Committee of Management.—Yours, &c.,

G. HERBERT THRING.

(Secretary, the Incorporated Society of Authors.)  
1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.  
June 10th, 1914.

#### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND ITS BUILDING CONTRACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Theosophical Society has made an agreement with the Building Industries Federation. If this building operation should result in a loss, upon whom would it fall? Could the society, in case of need, enforce the carrying out of the agreement by the Federation, or obtain damages should there be a breach of it?—Yours, &c.,

AN INQUIRER.

June 6th, 1914.

### Poetry.

#### THE BARBER'S FIRST BROTHER.

*Know, O Prince of the Faithful, that the first (who was named El-Bakkuk) . . . practised the art of a tailor in Bagdad.*

##### I.

The window is round,  
The sky is blue,  
Two doves sit still  
On the window-sill;  
With murmurous sound  
They coo and coo.

The window is high  
Above the ground,  
I get no sight  
By day or night,  
But the blue sky  
Empty and round.

##### II.

I peeped through the lattice  
And saw my love passing.  
How happy the companions  
With whom he went laughing!  
How happy the people  
That walked the same street!  
How happy the stones  
That were pressed by his feet!  
Though I should sit watching  
A year and a day  
How small is the chance

He will come the same way!  
Oh, what is my hope  
In the maze of the hours?  
What hope has one flower  
In a garden of flowers?

##### III.

Could I follow my thought  
I should find out the place  
Where, under cool trees,  
My love takes his ease,  
Could I follow my thought  
I should look on his face.

Do I stay, do I go,  
Do I waken or sleep,  
Do I ripen and rot  
Like a fruit plucked not,  
He will care not nor know  
Though I wither and weep.

##### IV.

I press to the lattice  
My black brilliant eye,  
To see in the sunlight  
My true love go by.  
As a twig of the willow  
He is graceful and sleek,  
He has a round mole  
On the moon of his cheek;  
His lips are of scarlet,  
Of honey his mouth,  
The perfume he brings  
Is a wind of the south.  
He sees not, he turns not,  
Though close I am pressed,  
Till the shape of the lattice  
Is marked on my breast.

##### V.

Turn, my love, and you will see  
Hair more black than ebony,  
Parted lips, more crimson far  
Than roses of Damascus are,  
Archéd eyebrows, fringed eyes,  
Like the maids of Paradise,  
Swooning am I, all outspread,  
Fallen flower with petals shed!

##### VI.

I stretched forth my hand  
To feed my dove  
Circling out there  
In the blue air,  
Tip-toe did I stand,  
And I thought of my love.

It was a strange thing  
I did not understand,  
Someone caught and kissed  
My hand and my wrist—  
While I stood wondering  
Someone kissed my hand!

##### VII.

I sent to the tailor  
Who stitches and stitches  
A piece of yellow satin  
To make me new breeches,  
A piece of yellow satin,  
And of red flowered silk,  
For a jacket to cover  
My sides white as milk.  
I know a small door,  
And I know a small stair,  
And I know a good hour  
When my father's at prayer,  
And I know a wise woman  
Is honest and old,  
Has a necklace of pearls,  
And a purse full of gold.

SYLVIA LYND.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation." By J. A. Hobson. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "The Scottish War of Independence." By E. M. Barron. (Nisbet. 16s. net.)
- "Studies in Milton." By Alden Sampson. (Murray. 8s. net.)
- "Joseph Conrad: A Study." By Richard Curle. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The King of the Dark Chamber." By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Germany." By A. W. Holland. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Clio Enthroned: A Study of Prose-Form in Thucydides." By W. R. M. Lamb. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)
- "The Letters of John B. S. Morritt, of Rokeby." Edited by G. E. Marindin. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "American Public Opinion." By J. D. Whelpley. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Through Spain." By Duncan Dickinson. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The New Road." By Neil Munro. (Blackwood. 6s.)
- "The Quick and the Dead." By Edwin Pugh. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)
- "Le Syndicalisme Européen." Par Paul Louis. (Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Quelques Portraits d'Hommes." Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris: Fontemoing. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Dix-Sept Histoires de Marins." Par Claude Farrère. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Abendliche Häuser." Roman. Von E. von Keyserling. (Berlin: Fischer. M. 4.50.)

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A SUPPLEMENT to Lord Lytton's biography of his grandfather is to come this month from Mr. Nash in the shape of a volume of "Unpublished Letters of Lady Bulwer Lytton." The letters, which have been edited by Mr. S. M. Ellis, are full of humor and descriptive power, and throw many amusing, if rather ill-natured, sidelights upon Lady Bulwer Lytton's contemporaries. They were addressed to A. E. Chalon, a painter who shared her love for art and small dogs, and who was one of her best friends until his death in 1860.

\* \* \*

WE are glad to see that Messrs. Kegan Paul are going to re-issue some of the volumes in their two series "Books About Books" and "The English Bookman's Library." Where necessary the books will be rewritten and brought down to date, and they will be under the capable editorship of Mr. A. W. Pollard. Among the first to appear will be Mr. Pollard's "Early Illustrated Books," Mr. H. P. Horne's "Binding of Books," and Mr. Falconer Madan's "Books in Manuscript."

\* \* \*

HARD upon the heels of the late Professor Dowden's letters to his wife, which we noticed a few weeks ago, there has come from Messrs. Dent a further collection entitled "Letters of Edward Dowden and His Correspondents." These new letters are less revealing than those in the former volume, but Mr. John Eglinton describes them well when he says in the preface that the personality which presents itself in them is that "almost of a saint of culture: a saint, however, not lost to humanity, nor whom celestial diet has spoiled for human nature's daily food; for they are a record of a life passed with the great personalities of literature." Dowden's definition of the proper frame of mind in a critic was "subordination of self to the faithful setting forth of the truth of one's subject," and his own criticism of Shakspere, of Shelley, of Wordsworth, of Browning, and of many others came very close to that ideal. There is a good example of this in a letter to Mr. Henry Salt:—

"I think," Dowden wrote, "if you are unjust to Matt. Arnold, it comes from your not feeling sufficiently how through all his writings runs the unity of that strong moral spirit, that strenuous regard for conduct, derived in the first instance from his father. Whether one accepts his rule of life or not, one can see how he was faithful to it. Had he failed to condemn Shelley, he would have departed from the unity of his own life. But I agree with you that he ought to have understood Shelley while condemning him."

DOWDEN'S attitude towards the Irish literary movement brought upon him a good deal of criticism from Mr. Yeats and others. But what seemed to be a lack of cordiality on Dowden's part was really due to a fear that Irish literature might fall into the note of provincialism. His feeling on the matter is summed up in a letter about one of his articles in "The Fortnightly Review" which was unsparingly condemned in Ireland:—

"I think we have always suffered from not being able to approach things in Ireland from a central standpoint . . . and I also wanted to point out that much of the best work is not adscribed to the glebe, but, if rooted in any soil, lives in a wider spiritual world. To encourage Irishmen to be masters in any and every province, is the way to create a fine literature and science in this country, and not to whip them on to a national sentimentalism preposse."

He was always generous in praise of writers whom he believed to be inspired by this ideal. If, for example, he thought Synge's "Playboy" disappointing, he was one of the first to acknowledge that "his magnificent 'Deirdre' puts him in the first rank of tragic poets." Here again Mr. Eglinton takes a just view of Dowden's work and personality. If there was something in the nature of a rebuke in Dowden's contribution to Irish literature, he writes, "perhaps a rebuke from one so wise and kindly, gentle yet unflinching, so experienced in all affairs of the mind, was what was most required."

\* \* \*

BESIDES the literary judgments which are scattered through Dowden's letters, there are some fascinating stories of his adventures in the search for rare books. Every Dublin book-buyer will remember Michael Hickie, "the most interesting, most profane, clever, blackguardly-shrewd, mad second-hand bookseller on the Dublin quays," from whom Dowden made many of his purchases. But his greatest find was made in 1883 from a cart of books on O'Connell Bridge. "All books on the back of the car, twopence each" was sung out by a small vendor. I saw, but could not believe I saw, a vol. in calf, lettered 'Refutation of Deism.' This is the lost book by Shelley, of which no copy was known until I sold one to the B. Museum in 1874, and no other has since turned up." It proved to be the copy which Shelley presented to Mary Godwin in 1814, with her name printed on the cover, and the errata written in by Shelley himself.

\* \* \*

MENTION of scarce books suggests the possibility of reprinting in some of the popular series a few reports of the trials for high treason and sedition that took place towards the end of the eighteenth century and early in the nineteenth. These have an important bearing on contemporary events, and many of them are exceedingly difficult to procure. "The Trial of Joseph Gerrald, Delegate from the Corresponding Society to the British Convention," printed in 1794, "The Trial of Daniel Isaac Eaton, for selling a supposed Libel, the Second Part of the Rights of Man," printed in the same year, and "The Trials at large of Thistlewood, Watson, Preston, and Hooper," printed in 1817, are examples of these books. All three have been discovered in Charing Cross Road, but only as the fruit of much expenditure of time.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER book which ought to be reprinted, if only for historical reasons, is Home's tragedy "Douglas," an act of which forms part of the theatrical revue "As It Used to Be" at the Little Theatre. When "Douglas" was first acted at Edinburgh in 1756, its author was acclaimed as a Scottish Shakspere. Hume went so far as to say that Home possessed "the true theoretic genius of Shakspere and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one and the licentiousness of the other." Even Gray was so impressed by the tragedy that he wrote to Walpole: "The author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which has been lost for these hundred years." Other admirers were Collins, Professor John Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott, the last of whom declared that the cliff scene between Lady Randolph and old Norval "has no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in ancient drama."

## Reviews.

## A NEW VOICE.

"*North of Boston.*" By ROBERT FROST. (Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.) POETRY *per se* is one of the most troublesome things in the world to discuss exactly. Like Goodness and Personal Identity, it is a thing which everyone is aware of, but a thing which, when you try to lay hold of it, proves a ghost that will scarcely be cornered. For, like those famous apparitions in philosophy again, poetry does not come into actual experience as the spectre of its own essence; we know it as the spirit that selects for its embodiment, informs and impregnates, a mass of things derived from racial environment, habits of language, and personal peculiarities. The temptation therefore is to discuss all this material embodiment, these accidents that hold the essence, in the hope that the discussion will turn out to be, by implication, a discussion of the poetry itself—a hope that does not always succeed. But, in the case of Mr. Robert Frost, the temptation is peculiarly irresistible, not only because the enclosing substance of idiosyncrasy, linguistic manners, and circumstantial traits and characteristics, is very interesting and attractive, but perhaps still more because the poetic spirit inhabiting all this is exceptionally shy and elusive; so much so that the most analytically disposed reader must often be wondering whether even a notional existence can be contrived here for poetic impulse apart from expressive substance. That, of course, may be a great compliment; it may mean that poetic impulse has made the exactly appropriate selection of expressive material, and has fused itself into this so completely as to be inextricable. On the contrary, it may also mean that notional existence of poetry, apart from material, cannot be alleged for the same reason that you cannot conceive the notional existence of the heat of a bar of iron when the bar is not perceptibly hot. In the case of Mr. Frost, it seems to us that the explanation is sometimes the one and sometimes the other. His method—we cannot quarrel with it, because in its final result it nearly always accomplishes something remarkable—is to invite us to assist, first, at his careful and deliberate laying of the material for a poetic bonfire; the skill is interesting, and the stuff is evidently combustible; and suddenly, we do not quite know when, while we were intent on these structural preliminaries, we find that a match has been put to the pile. It burns out, as a rule, rather quickly; but while it is burning, substance and fire are completely at one, and at the end we are not left with embers, but with the sense of a swift and memorable experience.

First, however, for the stuff which the fire lays hold of—the personal and circumstantial characteristics of Mr. Frost's poetry. To start with, Mr. Frost is an American poet who noticeably stands out against tradition. That is what one might expect of an American poet; notoriously, it is just what American poetry proves most incapable of doing. In consequence, American poetry has not often been concerned with America; and the first and most obvious novelty in Mr. Frost's poems is their determination to deal unequivocally with everyday life in New England—"North of Boston." It is not, perhaps, quite what one might have anticipated, this New England life that Mr. Frost takes as his beloved material; certainly, not what we have come to think of as typical of the United States. Most of Mr. Frost's subjects are in some way connected with farming; the few that touch anything urban have the atmosphere of country towns—nothing in the book, at any rate, suggests in the least a nation of dwellers in vast, roaring, hurly-burlying cities. These specimens of New England life are not greatly different from the corresponding life of the old England; yet there is an unmistakable difference, on which it would not be easy to lay one's finger. American democracy contributes to the difference, but is certainly not the most important element in it. The life seems harder and lonelier, and it also seems, oddly enough, more reflective and philosophic. Here, for instance, is a man who has been injured in a saw-mill, talking with his friend:—

Everything goes the same without me there.  
You can hear the small buzz saws whine, the big saw  
Caterwaul to the hills around the village

As they both bite the wood. It's all our music.  
One ought as a good villager to like it.  
No doubt it has a sort of prosperous sound,  
And it's our life."

"Yes, when it's not our death."  
"You make that sound as if it wasn't so  
With everything. What we live by we die by."

The sentiment is not extraordinary, but it seems deeply characteristic. The same sort of reflectiveness sounds through most of these dialogues and soliloquies. It is life that has, on the whole, a pretty hard time of it, though a queer, dry, yet cordial, humor seldom fails it; but it is life that has time to look at itself as well as to look about itself. How much of this is due to Mr. Frost's interpretation of New England we, on this side of the Atlantic, can hardly say; but, if internal evidence goes for anything, life has seldom been made into literature with as little manipulation as in this book.

To say that a poet stands out against tradition is not to accuse him of being a rebel. He may be, as Mr. Frost certainly is, one of those in whom the continual re-adjustment of poetry to life is taking place. When that re-adjustment comes, manner must inevitably be obedient to matter. And so we find very little of the traditional manner of poetry in Mr. Frost's work; scarcely anything, indeed, save a peculiar adaptation, as his usual form, of the pattern of blank verse. It is poetry which is not much more careful than good prose to stress and extract the inmost values and suggestive force of words; it elaborates simile and metaphor scarcely more than good conversation does. But it is apt to treat the familiar images and acts of ordinary life much as poetry is usually inclined to treat words—to put them, that is to say, into such positions of relationship that some unexpected virtue comes out of them; it is, in fact, poetry composed, as far as possible, in a language of things. The similes, when they do appear, are usually striking, because of the concrete familiarity of the experiences they employ. Thus, a man's recollection of his own boyhood is a vision of

"a little, little boy,  
As pale and dim as a match flame in the sun."

The same sort of simile occurs in the following passage, which is quoted, however, as a more general type of Mr. Frost's habit of composing in things:—

"A lantern light from deeper in the barn  
Shone on a man and woman in the door,  
And threw their lurching shadows on a house  
Near by, all dark in every glossy window.  
A horse's hoof pawed once the hollow floor,  
And the back of the gig they stood beside  
Moved in a little. The man grasped a wheel,  
The woman spoke out sharply, 'Whoa, stand still!'  
'I saw it just as plain as a white plate,'  
She said, 'as the light of the dashboard ran  
Along the bushes at the roadside—a man's face.'"

Language *qua* language does very little here; the selection and arrangement of the substance do practically everything. So, at least, it seems at first. But poetry, after all, is an affair of specialized language; and if Mr. Frost's verse be read with some attention, it will soon appear that his versos are built with language specialized for a purpose beyond close, faithful service to concrete imagery. We have heard a good deal lately of the desirability of getting poetry back again into touch with the living vigors of speech. This usually means matters of vocabulary and idiom; and Mr. Frost certainly makes a racy use of New England vernacular. But he goes further; he seems trying to capture and hold within metrical patterns the very tones of speech—the rise and fall, the stressed pauses and little hurries, of spoken language. The kind of metrical modulation to which we are most accustomed—the modulations intended for decoration or purely aesthetic expressiveness—will scarcely be found in his verses. But, instead, we have some novel inflections of metre which can only be designed to reproduce in verse form the actual shape of the sound of whole sentences. As a matter of technique, the attempt is extraordinarily interesting. Sometimes the metrical form goes

to pieces ; at other times the verse is, however much we try to hear a voice in it, a little monotonous, which may be due to the fact that it is extremely hard to indicate by a verse-movement such an elusive thing as the intonation of speech—supposing that intonation is as constant as accent. But often enough the intention is clear, and the result decidedly exciting. The intention itself is not a new thing in poetry ; but such complete reliance on it as the chief element of technique, though it holds Mr. Frost's expression rather tight, is rewarded by some new and very suggestive effects.

Naturally, this technical preoccupation bears strongly on the general form of Mr. Frost's poetry. He uses almost entirely dialogue or soliloquy ; he must have somebody talking. We might call these poems psychological idylls. Within their downright knowledge, their vivid observation, and (more important) their rich enjoyment of all kinds of practical life, within their careful rendering into metre of customary speech, the impulse is always psychological—to set up, in some significant attitude, a character or a conflict of characters. The ability to do this can turn a situation which is not very interesting at first into something attractive, as when a rather protracted discourse of two distant relations on genealogy gradually merges into a shy, charming conversation of lovers ; or, in a more striking instance, when the rambling speech of an over-tasked farmer's wife works up into a dreadful suggestion of inherited lunacy. If, as we have said, we cannot quarrel with this deliberate method of exposition, it can scarcely be questioned that Mr. Frost is at his best when he can dispense with these structural preliminaries, as in the admirable soliloquy of the old philosopher of a farmer mending his wall, or in the exquisite comedy of the professor sharing a bedroom with the talkative newspaper-agent, or in the stark, formidable tragedy called "Home Burial." Though it is difficult to state absolutely the essential quality of Mr. Frost's poetry, it is not difficult to suggest a comparison. When poetry changes by development rather than by rebellion, it is likely to return on itself. Poetry in Mr. Frost exhibits almost the identical desires and impulses we see in the "bucolic" poems of Theocritus. Nothing so futile as a comparison of personal talents is meant by this ; but for general motives, the comparison is true and very suggestive. Poetry, in this book, seems determined, once more, just as it was in Alexandria, to invigorate itself by utilizing the traits and necessities of common life, the habits of common speech, the minds and hearts of common folk. And the impulse of Mr. Frost's poetry is not an isolated phenomenon to-day—therein is its significance ; he is doing for New England life, in his own unique and entirely original way, what Mr. Wilfrid Gibson is so splendidly doing for the life of modern England.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT ULMSTER.

✓ "The Ulster Scot: His History and Religion." By the Rev. JAMES BARKLEY WOODBURN. (Allenson. 5s. net.)

THIS is a book which we should like to see in the knapsack of every Ulster Volunteer. It is the work of an Ulster Presbyterian minister who, we gather, is also a Unionist ; but it is resolutely fair-minded in its statement of the facts of Ulster history, and Ulstermen have only to get into touch with the main stream of their history to realize that every argument which the more bloodthirsty of their orators draw from the past against Home Rule is based either upon some false inference or some venerable lie. Mr. Woodburn does not even leave them the old argument about the two races in Ireland. He contends that the Catholic-Irish, the Anglo-Irish, and the Scotch-Irish are all "largely of Celtic origin." He reminds us that the Irish planted Scotland long before the Scots planted Ulster, and though he does not go so far as to say that the Ulster planters were the direct descendants of the ancient Irish emigrants to Scotland, he points out that they came from the at least half-Celtic districts of Strathclyde and Galloway. The Celtic—it would be more correct to say Gaelic—element in the Ulster Scot announces itself in the fact that at the present day the names of one-seventh of the ministers in the Irish Presbyterian Church

begin with "Mac." When we remember how common a thing it was in Ireland for a long time, for the sake of safety or advancement, to destroy the Gaelic appearance of one's name, so that the MacRories called themselves "Rogers," and the MacGoldricks "Goulding," and the O'Neills "Neill," we may safely hazard the guess that there is as much Gaelic blood to be found among the Ulster Presbyterians as among the Munster Catholics. If there is any division between the people of one part of Ireland and another, it is, as Mr. Woodburn sees, not a division of race, but of religion and climate, and, it should be added, of treatment by the governing race. For the Ulster Scot—which is only another way of saying, the Ulster Irishman—has, in spite of much persecution and ill-treatment on the part of the Government, been a pampered and favored subject in comparison with the Irish Catholic. His linen manufactures were officially encouraged, and until 1881 he enjoyed an incomparably better land-system than the southern Irishman. Add to this the fact that he was never the object of a deliberate war of extermination, such as was carried on against the Irish in the days of Elizabeth, when, in Lecky's words, "the slaughter of Irishmen was looked upon as literally the slaughter of wild beasts," and it will be realized how much there is upon which the northern Irishman may congratulate himself when he considers the history of his southern fellow-countryman.

It may be retorted that the Irish Protestant suffered as badly in the insurrection of 1641 as the Irish Catholic did in the time of Elizabeth ; but, fierce as the revenge of 1641 was, it was not a deliberate and organized massacre, but merely a wild answer to the long massacres and robberies perpetrated against the native race by the invaders. Sectarian orators in Ulster to-day inflame their hearers with stories of the crimes of the Irish Catholic against the Irish Protestant, but the record of the Irish Catholic is by far the more humane of the two. The horrors of 1798 in Wexford, like the horrors of 1641, were simply the maddened retort of an ordinarily human population to an exterminating and outraging soldiery. In regard to the Wexford Insurrection, Mr. Woodburn has followed too closely the lead of Lecky, whose treatment of this incident is, perhaps, the least satisfactory feature in his great history of eighteenth-century Ireland. It was a much less "Popish" rebellion than Mr. Woodburn believes. We hope that before he issues a second edition of his book he will turn to the "Memoirs of Myles Byrne" and do fuller justice to the patriotism of the Wexford men than he at present does.

If the Ulster Scot has suffered persecution and outrage—and he has suffered them—Mr. Woodburn's history makes it quite clear that it has been at the hands, not of the Irish Catholic, but of the English Government and of the Anglo-Irish ascendancy. Yet his coming to Ireland was such as might well have aroused the hatred of the native race. The way was prepared for him by exterminators like Chichester, who described one of his progresses through Ulster in the words : "I burned all along the lough, within four miles of Dungannon, and killed one hundred people, sparing none of what quality, age, or sex soever, besydes many burned to death ; we kill man, woman, and child ; horse, beast, and whatsoever we find." Nor was the character of the early planters that of harmless psalm-singers. One of the first of their Presbyterian ministers, Stewart of Donaghadee, has left an account of them in a famous sentence : "From Scotland," he wrote, "came many, and from England not a few, yet all of them, generally the scum of both nations, who, for debt, or breaking and fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of men's justice in a land where there was nothing, or but little, as yet, of the fear of God." "Going to Ireland," Stewart added, "was looked on as a miserable mark of a deplorable person—yea, it was turned to a proverb, and one of the worst expressions of disdain that could be invented was to tell a man that Ireland would be his hinder end." Later immigrations brought a finer and more religious type of Scot into Ulster, and the history of Ulster Presbyterianism later becomes the history of a noble struggle against religious and political persecution. Those who fondly accept the theory that Ulster has always been a paradise of the unconditional loyalty, for the lack of which they denounce the southern Irishman, will find no confirmation of it in Mr. Woodburn's book. The

Ulsterman was disloyal to Charles I.; he was disloyal to Cromwell, who was so disgusted that he formed the decision of turning the Ulster Scot out of Ulster altogether; he rebelled against James II.; he rebelled against George III., first in America and later in Ulster itself; and now he threatens to rebel against George V. We do not deny that most of his rebellions were justified. On the other hand, a people with such a history has no right to throw stones at the southern Irish on the score of rebelliousness. It is rather amusing, indeed, to note the glow that comes into Mr. Woodburn's writing as he recalls the splendid rebelliousness of the expatriated Ulstermen in the American War of Independence. It was, he points out, the "Scoto-Irish Presbyterians" who first demanded the complete separation of the American colonies from England. A few years later, the Ulstermen in Ulster became as thorough-going Nationalists as the Ulstermen in America; and never was Ireland so prosperous or men of all creeds in Ulster so friendly. It was the golden age of Belfast when, in 1791, its citizens publicly celebrated the Fall of the Bastille. If Castlereagh—the collateral ancestor of whom Lord Londonderry is simple enough to be proud—had not deliberately destroyed this unparalleled harmony by a policy of outrage and persecution, which ended in rekindling the old sectarian fires, who knows but Belfast might now be one of the great cities of the world, instead of one of the second-rate cities of the United Kingdom?

For what Belfast has gained in wealth and population, she has lost in enlightenment and culture. She has been a kind of false beacon, deluding the Ulsterman into the belief that he is prosperous and progressive, when, as a matter of fact, Ulster, outside Belfast, has shown us a spectacle of diminution and decay. There were in 1861 504,210 Presbyterians in Ulster; to-day there are only 421,410. There are certainly fewer Presbyterians in Ulster to-day than there were a hundred years ago. Would Scotland consider herself prosperous if her population had shown no increase during a century? Yet the Ulster Scot confidently accepts the myth of his prosperity. Ulster is only prosperous in comparison with the rest of Ireland; her prosperity is greater in proportion to her more favorable treatment. Mr. Woodburn is amazed by the great things Belfast has been able to accomplish in spite of the fact that she had no coalfields at her doors. But then she had the advantage of possessing a specialized industry—the linen industry—before the introduction of factories, and the comparative cheapness of Belfast's labor more than made up for the comparative dearth of Belfast's coal. We do not wish to disparage the enterprise and energy of the Belfast people. But we believe that Belfast would have been an infinitely richer and more progressive city if she had been the manufacturing capital of a prosperous Irish nation instead of a decaying Irish province. It is a fact worthy of note that Mr. Woodburn's chapter on famous Ulstermen includes few names of Ulstermen who have done great things at home. Her great men, like the great men of the rest of Ireland—only to a much greater degree—have been emigrants and exiles. Even to-day Ulster cannot produce a political leader of her own, but has to import one from Dublin.

To return to Mr. Woodburn's book, however, we commend it as a fair-minded and interesting volume. It is a compendium of known facts rather than a work of original research, but it arranges the facts in a new order and in a new spirit. We wish the author had given in greater detail the history of Ulster under Grattan's Parliament, and that he had included an account of Ulster opinion in regard to Catholic emancipation. It is a common statement on Unionist platforms that Protestant Ulster threw herself into the fight for the Liberal causes of Catholic Emancipation, Church Disestablishment, and Land Reform. As a matter of fact, she did nothing of the sort. Every great Irish reform of the nineteenth century was carried without the aid of Ulster. Ulster's only effective policy for a hundred years has been a policy of sectarianism. We trust that Mr. Woodburn's book will help to remind Ulstermen of the nobler traditions of the eighteenth century, when Belfast was a city of music and learning, and Ulstermen were ready to give their lives for the liberty not only of themselves, but of their fellow-countrymen.

#### THE FRIEND IN POLITICS.

"The Life of the Right Hon. John Edward Ellis." By ARTHUR TILNEY BASSETT. With a Preface by Viscount BRYCE, O.M. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

In his preface to this book, Lord Bryce names Dr. Spence Watson and Mr. J. E. Ellis as admirable representatives of the type of character given to public life by the Society of Friends. The points of contrast between the two men are perhaps more conspicuous outwardly than those of resemblance. Mr. Ellis lacked the special charm of Dr. Spence Watson's impulsive and eager temperament. But their principles of duty in public life were the same, and both alike were unflinching in their obedience to those principles at any cost or risk to their popularity. Their record on the South African War showed that they were proof against more subtle and insidious influences than the dislike of becoming obnoxious at that time to the mass of their countrymen. Many men, who will sacrifice little or nothing to this weakness, will persuade themselves that their duty to a party or to their own influence in public affairs calls for compromise. Both of these men were in a position that made such a course seem plausible, but neither of them ever doubted that his first duty was to the truth, and that that duty must be discharged whatever it might cost. Fortunately, there have always been such men in English public life, but there have never been too many of them.

Mr. Ellis was not a man of genius or unusual abilities of any kind, but his conscientious industry, his conviction that a Member of Parliament was under an obligation to understand his business and to know what he was doing, made him profoundly useful in the House of Commons. He took the trouble to master procedure, and became an authority on that esoteric subject. He had something of the manner of a proud man, but as Mr. Bassett's biography shows, he was a good learner. He entered public life at a time when politicians regarded certain questions as closed, thinking that political economy had relieved public men of the duty of discussing them. In the twenty-five years that he spent in the House of Commons, a great change set in, but Mr. Ellis kept an open and hospitable mind, and was able to do justice to new points of view. Within the Liberal Party he possessed the influence that belonged to his character. Nobody could say of him that he was self seeking, or question his public spirit, or doubt that when he gave advice it was the gift of his judgment, unqualified by personal aims or afterthoughts.

Mr. Bassett's book is an interesting account of his career, written with tact and good sense. The extracts from Mr. Ellis's diaries and correspondence give a running commentary on public affairs. The two most interesting things in the book are Mr. Ellis's description of the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill, a graphic and vivid picture, and a remarkable letter from Mr. Chamberlain, written in October, 1897. In this letter Mr. Chamberlain explains his allusion to Rhodes as a man of honor in the famous speech after the Committee had issued its report on the Raid. "I do not know if it was very well expressed, but I know what I meant. I meant that none of those who accused him would refuse to meet him at dinner, or to shake hands with him, or would ask that he should be excluded from a club of which they were members. I meant that the scandalous accusations of personal and pecuniary motives which Labouchere had made against him were false, and I thought that what I said was scant reparation for such infamous charges. One word more. Have you and others thought what would be the consequences of driving Rhodes to the wall? If, in his despair or desperation, he joined forces with the extreme Dutch element, and took advantage of the prejudices so easily aroused against the 'unctuous rectitude' of a British Government, we could hardly keep Cape Colony without a war. Is it worth while to risk this for the satisfaction of depriving Rhodes of his barren honor of a Privy Councillorship?"

This view of the great hero of Imperialism would have come with rather a shock to the mass of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters in the South African War. It would hardly have occurred to them that it rested on so nice a balance whether Mr. Rhodes would fight for or against the British flag.

## ROUND ABOUT ERASMUS.

"**The Age of Erasmus.**" Lectures delivered in the Universities of Oxford and London. By P. S. ALLEN, M.A. (The Clarendon Press. 6s. net.)

THE study of history in the English Universities is liberating itself with a joyful enthusiasm from the academic tradition of the last generation. The reaction against its caution, its self-imposed dulness, its contempt of form, has indeed gone so far that one may celebrate its triumph. It is no longer a necessary proof of scholarship to write a crabbed and heavy style. Careful students no longer count it "a baseness to write fair," and even learned historians are so far emancipating themselves from that scholars' disease, diagnosed in "*Erewhon*" as "the fear of giving themselves away," that they venture to be human and even picturesque. From the exclusive study of charters and treaties and statutes, the scholar is turning back to letters and personal records, and the biographical method is once more in favor as a means of exploring the past. It justifies itself in these most readable lectures which Mr. Allen has written, with Erasmus as their central figure. We hasten at once to explain away that dangerous term of praise. "Readable" this book is, by which we mean that it is likely to appeal to any intelligent person who loves the past and enjoys good writing and the skilful handling of material, but it is the fruit of elaborate research and the product of long years of grubbing among catalogues and manuscript archives. Mr. Allen has the art to throw into relief the human values of his material, but he can take as much pains as any dry-as-dust to verify a date or to ascertain the name of the copyist of a manuscript.

Erasmus is the predestined central figure for any study of the northern Renaissance. It is not merely his genius and his services to learning which give him that place; he held it in his own day. He was the acknowledged head of all who sought progress without fanaticism. He was by breeding and experience a cosmopolitan. To understand his career fully one must know what Europe was doing and thinking from Oxford to Prague and from Rome to Antwerp. Mr. Allen's object has not been to write the life of Erasmus so much as to illustrate it. Though in scattered pages most of the essential chapters in the biography of Erasmus are here re-told, the telling is hardly more than incidental. What this book helps us to realize is rather the sort of world in which Erasmus moved. Its schools, its monasteries, its printing-presses, are all described from contemporary letters and memoirs. One chapter deals with the brutal predatory warfare which still raged in the Netherlands outside the peaceful doors of the monastery and the school. Another treats of domestic life, and from that the reader may turn to pilgrimages. The section which we found, on the whole, the most illuminating describes the "Trans-Alpine Renaissance" as a movement consciously distinct from the Italian revival of learning. Mr. Allen shows that the northern scholars had been stung by the insolence of the Italians into an attitude of self-defence, which passed by a natural exaggeration into a boastful nationalism. More than one German scholar finding himself branded in the Southern Universities as a barbarian, returned home full of a resentful enthusiasm for German history and antiquities, and resolved to justify the traditions of German culture. If this mood produced some uncritical and Chauvinistic extravagances it was also the beginning of modern nationalism in literary and historical study. In his last chapter Mr. Allen breaks new ground in tracing through some unpublished material fresh evidence of the shy and cautious dealings of Erasmus with those "brethren" of Bohemia whose descendants so powerfully influenced Wesley.

To the general reader this book will open a new treasure-house in the quotations and summaries which it gives from the biographies and letters of obscure scholars and German monks of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. This material is not readily accessible, and one could wish that Mr. Allen, who uses it skilfully enough for the purposes of illustration, had dealt more fully with it. One would gladly hear more of the early days of the monkish scholar Butzbach who, as a boy, wandered over Germany and Bohemia as the fag of an errant student, begging his food from the charitable and stealing when charity failed. No

less fascinating is the family history of the monk, Ellenborg, recorded in letters, in which his struggles after learning are diversified by perilous adventures during the peasants' rising. It is an ungrateful form of criticism which finds fault with a book that serves one purpose well, because it does not adequately fulfil another. Mr. Allen has worked his ample material into a vivid panoramic sketch. He whets our appetite, and if he has not in this little volume satisfied it, one hopes for some fuller and more leisurely study from his pen both of Erasmus and of his obscurer contemporaries.

## SPIRITUAL REFORMERS.

"**Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.**" By RUFUS M. JONES. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

FOR some years past a series of important works have been in course of publication by members of the Society of Friends, dealing with the spiritual life and its exponents in medieval and modern Europe. A beginning was made by Dr. Rufus Jones, Professor of Philosophy in Haverford College, Pa., with his "*Studies in Mystical Religion*"—a fine work covering the origins of the mystical movement in Christendom, the great medieval Mystics, and some of the strange outcrops of Mysticism in seventeenth-century England, which are ignored a good deal by historians or lumped together under some opprobrious name borrowed from the controversialists of those plain-spoken times. Then followed two volumes dealing specifically with the Quakers in America and in England, one by Dr. Jones with two fellow-workers in his own college, the other by Mr. William C. Braithwaite. The volume before us continues the earlier work of Dr. Jones in the same spirit and with the same success.

The chief feature of the whole series is that the work is being done by men of real historical temper, who base themselves on close study of documents and first-hand knowledge of a very minute kind, and who yet have at once that inner sympathy with the men and the movements they are studying which enables them to understand them in a living and intimate way, and that wide outlook over history which saves them from the hole-and-cornerism of so-called experts in many spheres. The whole scheme, largely prompted by the late John Wilhelm Rowntree, will form, when completed—indeed, does already form—a very valuable contribution to the history of religion and of modern Christendom. Hitherto, students of mystical religion have gone chiefly to the great names of the Middle Ages, and to the great book with no author's name, the "*Theologia Germanica*," or, with a particularity almost sectarian, to Catholic and Counter-Reformation Mystics, to the exclusion of the contribution of our half of Europe. Lately, Mr. Reynold A. Nicolson, of Cambridge, has published a scholarly little work on the Mystics of Islam. The series, however, to which we are referring, raises definitely the significance of Mysticism in and after the Reformation among the adherents, or in the sphere, of the Reformed Churches, and will make it impossible for this side of the subject to be neglected again by scholars or by students of religion.

Coming, then, to the volume immediately under notice, we find, naturally, that it continues the first of the series. It is a good piece of work. Dr. Jones has explored fields little trodden at all to-day, and has consorted (as far as it was possible) with men who have ceased almost even to be names; and the fields have proved full of interest and of life—the "lily" has grown in them and is still growing—if we may borrow vocabulary from the book—and the men prove to be alive; or, at least, if not in their own pages, they live in those of Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones is master of a clear, vivid, and flexible style; he is not hampered in his difficult task by mannerism or stiffness—it might be hard to say on which side of the ocean he learned his English or wrote it—great sympathy with the men of whom he writes aids his instinct, and he draws them with a touch that charms and engages the reader.

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here it is that Dr. Jones's work is most of the pioneer kind ; others, again, will enjoy his pictures of the Cambridge Mystics of the sixteenth century, and of Traherne. But for anyone who will read all, certain questions will rise : How is it that this temper recurs so steadily in human thought ? Does it mean that it is as native and essential a feature of man as art or laughter ? Why did the Mystics fail, then, and the Reformers—whom they did not like and who mis-doubted them—succeed ? Or did the Mystics really fail after all ? Is it not possible to maintain that Europe needed them both—the great builders of theology and Church-system, Luther and Calvin, and their kind, and the genial, tender, daring rebels who caused them so much trouble ? At any rate, all the living Churches to-day are touched, more or less deeply, with the spirit of these forgotten men who claimed the freedom of the spirit. Hardly anything they contended for in earnest but lives in the spirit of modern Christendom—Protestant Christendom. On the other hand, what they contended against with equal earnestness is the chief gap to-day in the Christian equipment. The Mystic is weak in his grasp of history, and he has no philosophy of much significance. He does his work by intuition, and leaves it at that ; and the old complaints still stand against him and his work. Intuition is very good, but it needs the support of the experience of all sorts and conditions of men, not merely of one type ; and it is rather a guide to truth than a final discovery of truth. The Mystic, as Dr. Jones says, hardly adds to our knowledge ; he sees things in a new way, with a new intensity—and that is a gain. But we need the other types.

But we are running off into theology, while our proper task is to speak of a historical work ; so back to history we come, and gladly. Dr. Rufus Jones, as historian, has done us all good service ; he has written a charming and very valuable book ; he has suggested many lines of thought, and given us the stimulus of provocation and interest ; and we venture to hope that his book will be read as widely, and studied as deeply, as it deserves to be.

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"Contemporary Russian Novelists." By SERGE PERSKY. Translated from the French by FREDERICK EISEMANN. (Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)

In spite of the incitements "From a Correspondent in Russia" in the "Times" Literary Supplements, English publishers do not seem disposed to garner the "fair new June of Russian fiction," as the "Correspondent" puts it. It has taken twenty years for a section of our reading public to absorb, with its habitual caution, the Russian masterpieces of the 'sixties and 'seventies. And none of the few attempts made to gain a hearing for the immediate successors of Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky have been successful. Nobody has troubled about Korolenko, for example, whose story, "Makar's Dream," appeared long back in "The Pseudonym Library." M. Persky tells us that on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of Korolenko's literary activity, "delegations from many cities and universities came to St. Petersburg to congratulate and thank him for never ceasing to uphold the cause of truth and goodness through so many trials." Imagine delegations from Manchester and Birmingham, from Oxford, St. Andrews, and Dublin, meeting in Dorchester to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of Mr. Thomas Hardy ! Garshin is equally unfamiliar to our public, though a very good selection of his tales has been translated. Even Tchekov, whose day must surely come when our incurious generation has passed away, has only been nibbled at, so to speak. None of our London "dramatic critics" could have read, for instance, either Mr. George Calderon's version of "The Seagull," or Miss Marian Fell's imported translation of "Uncle Vanya, and Other Plays," or their remarks on a recent production would have been a little less wild and woolly. It is to America also that we owe Mr. Eisemann's rendering of M. Persky's volume, and so trans-Atlantic is it in idiom, that we are often left wondering as to whether the precise meaning of the French original has been seized. M. Persky is made to pass

strictures, for example, on Tchekov's delicious novel, "The Duel." "Certain parts are exaggerated," we read, "the characters are especially weak and bad. . . . Equally unsatisfactory is 'The Valet de Chambre.'" But though certain criticisms seem to us beside the mark, M. Persky's account of Tchekov's character and work is valuable. "I despise lies and violence everywhere and under any form. . . . I only want to be an artist, and that's all," is one of Tchekov's sayings, which might serve as his epitaph. M. Persky discusses why the state of "intellectual sadness" should be so exceptionally prominent among Russian writers, and hits the mark when he speaks of "the screen which, according to Pascal, people wear before their eyes that they might not see the abyss on the edge of which they pass their lives. Up to the present time, the Russians have lacked these screens." The modern Englishman feels both bewildered and frightened by the absence of "screens." Thus Veressayev's disturbing "Memoirs of a Physician" was practically boycotted by the English press, when it appeared about ten years back, as would doubtless be the fate of the narrative of the same author's experiences in the Manchurian campaign, a book "which paints the terrible sufferings of the Russian Army, the prevalent corruption, carelessness, disorder, and cowardice, and the martyrdom endured by the wounded in the hospitals." One gathers that Veressayev's value as a social critic is in excess of his artistic gifts ; nevertheless, one would be grateful for translations of "the three 'great' stories," "Astray," "The Contagion," and "At the Turn," which delineate the three phases of the revolutionary movement between 1880 and 1900. "Astray" symbolizes the spiritual bankruptcy of "the intelligentsia," and the hero, Chekanov, a country doctor, who is beaten to death by the ignorant, brutal peasants whom he is trying to save, meditates, as he lies dying, "Why have I struggled ? In the name of what am I perishing ? I am only a poor victim, stripped of the strength of an ideal, to serve the people, and cared for by no one." Chekanov, in fact, is a survival of the "Narodnikis" of an earlier decade, and more typical of the new generation are his young cousins, Natasha, and Tanya, the heroines of "The Contagion" and "At the Turn." The Russian revolution of 1904 found the party split into two irreconcilable factions, the Social Democrats and the "Narodnikis," which failed to unite at the psychological moment and organize a general armed rising. The heroine, Tanya, is a fanatical Marxist, combining the hard narrowness of her creed with the courage and self-denial of the emancipated Russian woman. M. Persky, contrasting "the miserable and resigned peasants of Veressayev's earlier stories" with "the spirit of revolt" they now display, remarks that to-day "the people are not 'astray' ; the field is big enough for everyone to find the place that best suits his ideas." Veressayev's "Stories of the People" therefore do not put us in touch with the life of the modern proletariat, even as Andreyev's morbid genius is only representative of the hectic imagination of neurasthenic Young Russia which rushed to lose itself in dissipation after its illusions were shattered in the reaction of 1906. That Andreyev has rare imagination and real psychological power will not be denied by anyone who has read the two volumes of stories, "Judas Iscariot" and "Silence," translated by the Rev. W. H. Lowe, and "The Seven that were Hanged" ; but Andreyev strains after fantastic effects, exaggerates the horrors of reality, as in "The Red Laugh," and even the best of his poetic dramas contain many cheap lurid effects, much shallow symbolism and banal artificiality.

Kuprin, whom, we are told, has lately ceased to write, is far more in touch with the best realistic traditions of Russian literature. He has been called the Kipling of Russia, but his unflinching delineation of the sordid brutalities of regimental life is devoid of the element of theatrical or sensational brilliance. A sensitive man, his work contains an idealistic core, and M. Persky styles him "an exquisite story-teller, profound and touching . . . with lyrical fulness and power of suggestion." Despite his occasional vein of sentimentality, it is very unlikely that English readers would respond to his work, since "he respects truth to such a degree that he offers it to his readers in its disconcerting bareness," and brings "an over-minute and cruel observation to the accomplishment of his task."

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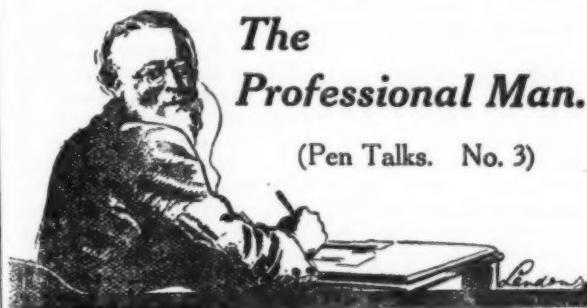
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

INDEX TO VOL. CV.

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It is curious, on the other hand, that Merejkowsky, the apostle of classical culture, should be so little known in England. The reception accorded his historical romances, "Julian, the Apostate" and "The Forerunner," and his penetrating critical study, "Tolstoy and Dostoevsky," has apparently not encouraged any translator to present us with his "Essays." Yet Merejkowsky's philosophic thesis, the struggle of the Christian and the Pagan idea in European history, embodied in a succession of brilliantly picturesque scenes, loaded with great wealth of aesthetic and archeological coloring, ought surely to have attracted the attention of that fast-increasing audience that now buys translations of Nietzsche, to whom, by the way, Merejkowsky is specially indebted. But the academic world will not take "a novel" seriously. By common consent, Sologoub, as M. Persky puts it, "is the most intellectual and subtle" of the younger school. But his masterpiece, "The Imp," "a pathetic picture of human baseness and sordidness," will not raise the English reader's enthusiasm. M. Persky connects Sologoub's preoccupation with evil and sin with the atmosphere of social injustice and oppression in Russia, which poisons normal aspirations:

"The atmosphere of an arbitrary régime engenders almost always 'demonomania.' The insecurity of life and the consecutive injustices in the cavils (!) of the police administration, develop in society a reciprocal fear and distrust. From feeling themselves in danger of being denounced and menaced in their liberty, men rapidly become the prey of terror. And the terrible life, sooner or later, awakens demoniacal terror among the weak."

Though ingenious, this seems to us rather far-fetched. The root of the evil must lie much deeper in the race itself. The Russian's sense of sinfulness and his liability to obsession by morbid impulses must be the legacy of many centuries of bad conditions. And the morbid excesses of the "young school" are only reflecting a general susceptibility to evil strain in the past.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

✓ "**A Great Adventuress: Lady Hamilton and the Revolution in Naples.**" By JOSEPH TURQUAN and JULES D'AURIAC. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

In one of his delightful essays, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan says that Lady Hamilton is a great stand-by for the compilers of spicy memoirs and pseudo-biographical chatter. Notwithstanding its title, the present volume does not fall into either of these categories. It is a careful and balanced study of Lady Hamilton's career and of her influence upon European affairs. The authors' verdict is that it would require a great deal of complaisance to regard her as a heroine, and that if on some occasions she showed herself equal to the position to which her beauty had raised her, she never sustained it for long. And they are equally severe in their estimate of Nelson. They pronounce him to have been cruel by nature, insubordinate to his superiors, and guilty of unpardonable duplicity in the capitulation of Naples. His share in the repudiation of the treaty with the Naples forts provides some ground for this latter charge. MM. Turquan and d'Auriac contend that Nelson regarded himself as God's instrument to chastise the French and their supporters. Hence his repudiation of the treaty and his refusal to postpone the execution of Caracciolo. In taking this view, MM. Turquan and d'Auriac differ from most of Nelson's biographers, and they take special pains to refute the defensive theory of Gutteridge and von Helfert. They are less definite in their description of Lady Hamilton's part in the Counter-Revolution at Naples, but they incline to believe her guilty of urging her lover to deeds of cruelty and treachery.

\* \* \*

✓ "**The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs.**" By DR. G. GRIFFIN LEWIS. Revised Edition. (Lippincott. 21s. net.)

THE aim of Dr. Lewis's book is "to provide within reasonable limits, and at a reasonable price, a volume from which purchasers of Oriental rugs can learn in a short time all that is necessary for their guidance, and from which dealers and connoisseurs can with the greatest ease of reference refresh their knowledge and determine points which may be in ques-

tion." That it has accomplished this object satisfactorily is proved by its rapid sale in an earlier edition, and it now comes in an extended form, with additional illustrations, and a fresh chapter on Chinese rugs. Beginning with a discussion of the cost of good rugs, and the rates of tariff—this latter amounts to 40 per cent. of the value in the United States—and the methods employed at auctions and by dealers, Dr. Lewis instructs his readers in some of the devices used to give rugs an ancient appearance, and gives some practical hints on the way to examine rugs, their care, the materials of which they are composed, the symbolism of their designs, and the characteristic features by which, say, a Bergama rug can be distinguished from a Samarkand or a Beluchistan. Having thus laid down a number of general principles, he proceeds, in the second part of his book, to deal with rugs according to their geographical classification—Persian, Turkish, Caucasian, Turkoman, Beluchistan, and Chinese. Then follows a chapter treating of the rugs employed for different purposes, such as mosque rugs, bath rugs, and wedding rugs, and after a rapid examination of some famous specimens, the book ends with a glossary of terms, and an alphabetical bibliography of all the books on rugs in the English language. It will thus be seen that Dr. Lewis is nothing if not practical and comprehensive. His book is suited alike to the tyro and the veteran collector, and the illustrations with which it is furnished add greatly both to its beauty and its practical usefulness.

\* \* \*

✓ "**English Church Life from the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement.**" By J. WICKHAM LEGG. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

DR. WICKHAM LEGG's task has been to prove that "the school of Hammond and Thorndike, Pearson and Wheatley, was influential over a far greater extent of time than is commonly supposed," and that there is something like a continuous tradition in the Anglican Church for most of the practices and doctrines that the Tractarians and Ritualists have done so much to revive. By means of quotations from an astonishingly wide range of reading, he gives an impression that daily services, fasting, private confession, vestments, and even invocation of the saints, were all held in honor in some part or other of the English Church throughout the eighteenth century. This would be conclusive if no other evidence were accessible. But a reader who leaves the by-paths and follows the beaten road of theological literature will find that much which Dr. Wickham Legg thinks essential was either ignored or repudiated by the standard divines and in what may be called the official teaching of the Church. Sometimes, it is true, as in his quotations from Richardson and Fielding to prove that invocation of the saints or something not far removed from it was practised, Dr. Wickham Legg leaves his readers with the feeling that if these are his strongest proofs, the evidence is very scanty indeed. But, in the main, he has been able to show that Mark Pattison's indictment of the eighteenth century was very much overdrawn, and that Anglo-Catholic practices are so far traditional that traces of them can be found throughout the period between the Caroline divines and the "Tracts for the Times." Of more than this, even Dr. Wickham Legg's learning and research will hardly convince unprejudiced readers. But his book, if allowance is made for its partisan character, is a useful contribution to English Church history. It is certain to prove a store-house of High Church arguments in future controversies.

\* \* \*

✓ "**A Short History of Italian Painting.**" By ALICE V. V. BROWN and WILLIAM RANKIN. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book achieves its object in providing a guide to the study of Italian painting which is clear and detailed enough for the beginner and yet embodies the results of modern criticism. The writers have received assistance from Mr. Bernhard Berenson, Mr. Mason Perkins, and other authorities, so that readers may feel confident that attributions and dates are in accord with the results of modern criticism. As the plan is strictly chronological, and there is a full index to the artists and paintings mentioned, the mass of information in the book is easily accessible. For this reason, it is likely to prove useful to travellers as well as students, while it also makes a handy book of reference. It is provided with a large number of good illustrations.

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THE three London failures announced on Saturday and Monday, though serious in themselves, were not followed by a slump on the Stock Exchange. On the contrary, there was a decided rally, and a better tendency all round began to show itself. The fact is, that Mr. Grenfell's unfortunate speculations have been well known for a good many months in the City of London, and the knowledge of these embarrassments has caused persistent liquidation for a long time past, so that the consequences of the failures, to speak paradoxically, were felt, and more or less exhausted, before the failures actually took place. The better tone of the markets in London has been due, I think, in the main, to the abundance of money and to the ease of discount rates, the current rate for three months' bills being now no better than 2½ per cent. In spite of the new Canadian loan, of which 88 per cent. fell upon the underwriters, Consols and Government stocks improved until Thursday, when a slight reaction occurred. The bank return was favorable, showing a total increase of £1,242,000 in the reserve, owing partly to a return of currency from the provinces, partly to the receipt of gold from abroad. The reserve is still more than a million lower than at this time last year; but the situation is considered satisfactory, as money is very plentiful in New York, and trade, even at home, is decidedly less active. The American Market still hangs fire, pending the final determination of the wheat crop and the decision as to an increase in railroad rates.

### THE LONDON FAILURES.

Some surprise was expressed in the City that the financial house, Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell, & Co., failed first, and that this failure was followed by that of the Canadian Agency. It is generally held that Mr. A. M. Grenfell, the Chairman of the Canadian Agency, was the cause of the double disaster, and that, logically, it was the Canadian Agency that brought the older house to grief. Much sympathy is felt with the other partners. The house of Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell, & Co. dates back for half a century, and has had valuable connections in the United States and Canada. It had a capital of £200,000 Preference shares paid up, and £500,000 in Ordinary shares, of which only £150,000 were paid up. The balance-sheet at the end of 1912 showed deposit and current accounts exceeding one and a half millions sterling, but in the last few months the business has been very much contracted, and it is supposed

that the liabilities do not exceed half a million. The assets consist largely of stocks which will have to be nursed, but it is believed in well-informed quarters that depositors will get their money back. The Canadian Agency existed for the purpose of selling Canadian debentures on the English market. It began operations in 1906, and its methods of advertising, by the promulgation of highly colored news, were not of the best. Of its big ventures, the most disastrous was the Southern Alberta Land Company, which has gone into receivers' hands. Canadian credit has suffered, and will continue to suffer, in London from methods like those practised by the Canadian Agency. Mr. Grenfell, in an interview with the "Times," declares that his operations were not gambling or speculative, but were intended to obtain control of the Grand Trunk Railway!—a venture which Mr. Grenfell might have known to be beyond his powers. It was no doubt unfortunate for him that his operations began on a large scale just before the outbreak of the Balkan War, which flattened out the securities which he was holding for a rise. On the whole, Mr. Grenfell's escapades will serve as a valuable lesson to the City, and it is to be hoped that men of this type will be more and more excluded from directorates, and especially from the directorates of banking firms which invite deposits and ought to deserve public confidence.

### RUSSIAN ISSUES.

The financial difficulties of the Russian Government, and the embarrassments of the St. Petersburg Bourse, are attracting a good deal of attention in London and Paris, and, in order to tide over the crisis, recourse is being had, as usual, to foreign borrowing. The Anglo-Russian Entente is chiefly prized by the Russian Government as a means of raising money in London by the favor of the Foreign Office and of the fashionable press. The latest issue, which appeared on Thursday, under the auspices of various banks, is a loan of £3,096,000 Imperial Russian Government guaranteed 4½ per cent. bonds, which are offered to the British public at the attractive price of 93 per cent. The loan is described as a loan for the Russian South-Eastern Railway. Various municipal issues, including the city of Kieff, are being launched, and the City is beginning to wonder whether enough money has not been lent to Russia for the present.

### THE BRAZIL LOAN.

The negotiations for a new loan to relieve the Brazilian Government of its pressing difficulties are believed to have reached a critical stage, and various statements have been issued. The general idea is that this loan is to be guaranteed on the Customs, and that it will be for no less a sum than £15,000,000 sterling. It is expected, if terms are arranged, that the loan will be issued simultaneously in London, Paris, and Berlin. Considering that the last Rothschild loan still stands at such a heavy discount, it is difficult to foresee a favorable reception here for its successor. Many people hold that the Brazilian Government ought to be compelled to fall back upon its own resources and put its house in order. On this theory, a new loan will be frittered away like the old ones, and with the same rapidity. If so, the last state will be worse than the first. The condition of China is as perplexing to London bankers and financiers and to the financial diplomats of the Foreign Office as that of Brazil, Mexico, Turkey, or Greece, and investors need to be extremely wary just now in their search for foreign securities yielding high rates of interest.

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